

The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

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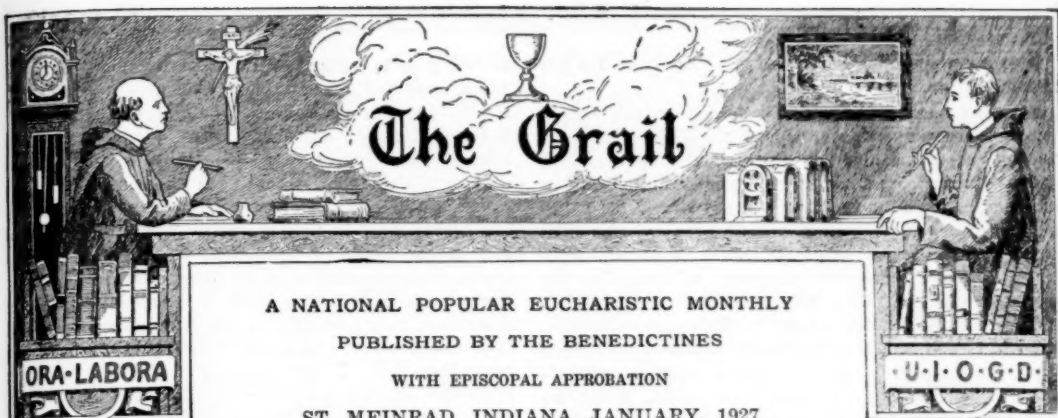
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THE FIRST EPIPHANY

"And entering into the house, they found the child with Mary his mother, and falling down, they adored him."



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Fire Consumes Church and School

Just before we went to press a telegram came on December 20th from the Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., who resides at the Indian Mission of Fort Totten, North Dakota, stating that fire had destroyed both the Sisters' School of the Seven Dolores Indian Mission and the church. Fortunately no one was hurt. In view of the fact that the winters in North Dakota are rigorous, the thermometer often registering 50 degrees and more below zero, we are confident that many of our readers will remember this afflicted mission with a generous alms. THE GRAIL feels particularly concerned in this mission as it is under the care of one of the Fathers of our community here at St. Meinrad.

Welcome, New Year!

We welcome the new year with its innumerable possibilities for doing good. Was it with joy or with tearful regret that we bade farewell to the departing year that has added another leaf to the annals of bygone ages? In the light of the past we should size up the year that lies before us, and in accordance with these reflections mold our lives and actions for the future. We have mounted another rung of the ladder to eternity. How far are we from the top? It does not require the gift of prophecy to predict that for some of us the present year will be our last on earth. Experience is our teacher.

What fate awaits us within the coming twelve months? Who knows? Whither is our ship directed on the sea of life? For what port is it headed? Is it making for the haven of celestial peace, or is it threatened with destruction on the rocks of the inferno? What are the prevailing winds that fill the sails and drive it on? Does it yield to the gentle spirit of God, or is it propelled by the tempest of the evil spirit? The failures and the successes of the departed year, together with the tendencies that urge us to virtue or to vice, will enable us to decide. Eternal happiness is within our

grasp. To attain to this happiness is the purpose of our life on earth.

We heartily welcome the new year also for the reason that it holds out to us the opportunity to continue our efforts for the salvation of immortal souls—our own and those of others. A virtuous life with fervent prayer, with frequent and daily Communion, will enable us to sanctify our own souls, while the apostolate of good example, charitable deeds, kindness towards those outside the fold, will be a powerful magnet for drawing the souls of others to God. But good works without prayer is like a corpse. Prayer is the spirit that vivifies—gives life. According to the words of our Blessed Savior we ought always to pray and not to faint. By offering up each of our daily duties to God, by the lifting up to Him of our hearts in aspirations, ejaculations, indulgenced prayers, we pray always. The church is the house of God, the place of prayer, but prayer must not be neglected in the home, in the family circle, as in our day is so commonly done. In the haste to rise and get to the day's work, or to school, the morning prayer is easily overlooked; table prayer is omitted because of the hurry and haste of one or several of the family whose time is limited; the rosary and evening prayers are seldom said in common, and often not in private, because of a multitude of circumstances that are put forward as excuses. And yet prayer is so necessary that without it one cannot well be saved. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, frequent and daily Communion, prayer and good works are chief of the ordinary means at hand for the sanctification of our souls. May the new year be replete with graces for us all.

God Wills It!

We are living in an age of mission activity, which is now at fever heat. Even the children, as of old, are enthusiastic for the missions, and have caught up the cry, "God wills it!" The seed that is planted in their hearts will, no doubt, bear fruit in years to come. If

this energy is properly directed, we may hope for the best of results.

Both the home and the foreign missions are the object of well-ordered mission activity. While distance is said to lend enchantment to the view, charity begins at home. Enthusiasm for the conversion of the heathen and the pagan in lands beyond the sea should not cause us to overlook a need every bit as great at our very doors. In slave-trade days thousands of pagans were brought to our shores from darkest Africa. The descendants of these slaves now number some 11,000,000. Of this multitude only about 250,000 are Catholic, while the Protestants claim several millions.

Yet the Negro is naturally religious and is more easily won than his white brother. At present there are some 225 priests, over 800 sisters, and 130 lay teachers evangelizing the black race. These are few, indeed, in comparison with the number to be reached, but the movement is growing.

Another chapter of home mission activity deals with the aborigines of our country, the Indians, who are found chiefly in the West. While these have not multiplied as have the former, a far greater per cent has been brought into the Church. There are approximately 350,000 Indians within the United States, and of these about 100,000 are Catholic. Nearly 200 priests, some 400 sisters and sixty brothers are laboring for the salvation of the Indian, whom the greed of the white man has robbed of his possessions, destroyed at his caprice, and forced the remnant to dwell on reservations that will not provide sustenance for himself and his family. It is not to be wondered at that the animal in the pagan resented such treatment at the hands of the "civilized" "Christian" intruder from Europe, and that he occasionally manifested this resentment with the tomahawk. Now the tomahawk lies buried and the pipe of peace is smoked. With little or scarcely any support, the missionary is struggling to keep alive the spark of faith in those who have become Christians, and doing what he can to bring into the fold of Christ those other sheep that are not yet of His fold.

A third aspect of home mission activity is that which was inaugurated by the Catholic Church Extension Society under the zealous Rev. Francis C. Kelley, now Bishop of Oklahoma,—the preservation of the Faith among the scattered Catholics, of whom many seldom saw a priest. Then, too, there is the extensive field that the Paulists are cultivating—missions to non-Catholics. If no other good resulted from these missions than the enlightenment of the ignorant and the breaking down of prejudice, there would be sufficient reason for their existence. However, quite a number of converts are made. A general campaign of this kind throughout the United States ought to result in untold blessings for the individual, for the community, and for the nation at large.

The foreign missions are calling loud for help while there is a crying need at home. Perhaps we can find a means of satisfying the one and not neglecting the other, for "God wills it."

To all who are looking for a very simple means of

assisting in the grand work of saving souls we would recommend the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. The object of this League is threefold: (1) union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world; (2) the return to unity of all non-Catholic Christians; (3) the conversion to the Faith of all non-Christians, whether among the civilized peoples or in pagan lands. That this object, so dear to the Heart of Jesus, may be attained, members of the League make a short daily offering of all the Masses and Holy Communion of the entire world. Besides this, they also receive and offer up an occasional Holy Communion, and attend Mass occasionally for the same intention. There are neither fees nor dues, nor are collections taken up for the missions. The I. E. L. aims to render spiritual assistance and thus further the Kingdom of Christ. If you are not a member of the League, send to the editor of THE GRAIL for a certificate of admission.

Church Unity Octave

The time fast approaches for the annual observance of the Church Unity Octave, beginning as it does on the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, January 18th, and ending on the Feast of St. Paul's Conversion, January 25th. Originating in America, it was extended by Papal Brief of Pope Benedict XV to the Universal Church and every year its observance becomes more widely established in every part of the world. Even those outside the Catholic Church, notably the Anglicans, have begun to emulate Catholics in praying for the general and particular intentions of the Octave. This is all the more wonderful because the specific thing prayed for is the return of all dissident Christians to communion with the Chair of Peter at Rome, the divinely constituted Center of Catholic Unity.

Institution by the Holy Father of the new Feast of the Kingship of Christ has added a further impulse to the movement which has been gathering momentum during the past five years and which it is believed will soon culminate in the observance of the Church Unity Octave in every Catholic Church of Christendom. It is obvious to all that Christ cannot reign as King over the whole world until first His disciples are one, even as He prayed on the night of His betrayal:

"That they may all be one, as thou Father, in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us; that world may believe that thou hast sent me."

There is only one voice in Christendom sufficiently authoritative to unite the Catholic faithful everywhere at a given time in echoing the prayer of Our Lord Jesus Christ for the Unity of all believers. The command of the Vicar of Christ alone will result in the prayers of the Church Unity Octave being recited at every Mass and Benediction given throughout Christendom and in every convent and monastery from the Feast of the Chair of Peter at Rome to that of the Conversion of St. Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles, but the Holy Father does not ordinarily impose liturgical observances and prayers upon the faithful until first the Bishops of the world in large numbers have petitioned him to do so.

HOW THE MOVEMENT HAS GROWN

It was in October, 1922, that the united Episcopate of the East in communion with the Apostolic See first presented a petition to Pope Pius XI asking that "as his Predecessors, the Holy Fathers, Pope Pius X and Benedict XV, had wonderfully contributed to the world-wide observance of the Church Unity Octave by deigning to approve and encourage it, to Your Holiness the humble writers of this letter turn and supplicate that you deign anew to approve of this pious practice of the Church Unity Octave and to render it through Apostolic Letters obligatory to the Universal Church."

This petition of the Eastern prelates, unsupported by a like request from the Bishops and faithful of the West, His Holiness did not at that time deign to grant.

The next occasion on which the Holy Father was approached on the same subject was in May of the Holy Year when two days before the canonization of the Little Flower, the Very Reverend Paul James Francis, S. A., Minister General of the Society of the Atonement, and the originator of the Octave, presented to the Holy Father substantially the same petition but signed this time by over two hundred Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and Vicars Apostolic of both the Latin and Greek Rites, and representing the Episcopate of every portion of the Catholic World. Even this larger number did not impress the Holy Father as sufficient to elicit from the Holy See the action prayed for by the petitioners. But this time there was no refusal, as on the occasion of the first approach, the petition was placed in the hands of the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, to await future consideration.

Since then the number of the Catholic Hierarchy attaching their signatures to the petition has more than doubled so that now they amount to over four hundred and sixty, not including the bishops of the United States, whose corporate action at Washington in 1921 give ground for believing that when the opportune time arrives they will unanimously support the petition. When a majority of the Catholic bishops of the world have attached their signatures to the petition, it will be for the third time presented to the Vicar of Christ. All Catholics know how much the heart of Pope Pius XI is set upon Church Unity, and it is confidently anticipated that His Holiness will cordially assent to the petition, when it has gained the support of the majority of the Catholic Hierarchy.

No special urging ought to be necessary to incite Catholics everywhere to make the intentions and short devotions of the Church Unity Octave their own from January 18th to the 25th. The form of prayer to be recited daily during the Octave follows with the daily intentions. It is to be noted that a Plenary Indulgence has been granted by the Holy Father to everyone of the faithful who on the first or the last day of the Octave will receive Holy Communion under the usual conditions.

PRAYER TO BE RECITED DAILY DURING THE OCTAVE

Antiphon. That they all may be One, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.—St. John 17:21.

V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter;

R. And upon this Rock I will build My Church.

PRAYER

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles: Peace I leave with you, My Peace I give unto you, regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will, Who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

N. B. It is also recommended that one decade of the rosary (at least) be said for the particular intention of each day; also that Holy Communion be received as often as possible during the Octave, *daily*, if possible, *certainly* on the Sunday within the Octave.

THE DAILY INTENTIONS

Jan. 18. *Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome.* The return of all the "other sheep" to the one Fold of Peter, the One Shepherd.

Jan. 19. The return of all Oriental Separatists to Communion with the Apostolic See.

Jan. 20. The submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

Jan. 21. That the Lutherans and all other Protestants of Continental Europe may find their way "Back to Holy Church."

Jan. 22. That all Christians in America may become one in communion with the Chair of Peter.

Jan. 23. The return to the Sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

Jan. 24. The conversion of the Jews.

Jan. 25. *Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul.* The missionary conquest of the entire world for Christ.

A Friend for Every Day

NANCY BUCKLEY

When clouds have draped the sky with grey
And hidden all the blue—
When loneliness has marked our way,
We need a friend that's true.

We want the guidance of a voice
That utters words of cheer,
Assuring us, as we rejoice,
That happiness is near.

And there is One who brings us rest
And, for our pain, surcease;
Who gives us, in our earnest quest,
The final gift of peace.

Orphan Stella

From the French of Louise Hautières, by E. R.

CHAPTER 1

A PRINCESS IN A BOX

IT was an ideal spring morning. The great square facing the Grand Hotel, rue St. Martin, Paris, was thronged with pedestrians passing to and fro, artisans returning from their workshops for their midday meal, and school children, romping, shouting, also on the same glad errand bent. All at once their attention was arrested and curiosity was aroused by the figure of a mountebank standing on a corner of the square. He did not appear to be much over forty, but the lines of care on his face, his hair streaked with grey, and the long white beard, told a tale of want and privation. Yet his athletic form and manly bearing were in strange contradiction with these signs of old age.

He wore an old black velvet tunic, trimmed with faded gold braid and fastened with cords to match, and carried under his arm a small square box. Judging by the curious looks of the crowd that he might count on a good collection, he placed the box carefully on the stone bench beside him, and in a stentorian voice, that reached to the furthest part of the Square (though the accent was foreign and the pronunciation faulty) said: "Gentlemen, this box contains a being of incomparable beauty! But, before she can appear, the ground on which she is to stand must be strewn with your gifts. Come now, ladies and gentlemen, be generous, and the little Princess Stella will come forth to your admiring gaze."

Then perceiving an incredulous smile on the countenance of some of the spectators, who could not credit that any human being, however, small, could be enclosed in so little space, he grew angry, and seizing hold of a small boy, standing near, placed him close to the box. "Now," he said sharply, "ask the Princess Stella if she is there?"

The boy put his mouth to the lid and called out: "Princess Stella, are you there? I want so much to see you."

"Yes," replied a tiny voice, "I am here and would like to see you."

The crowd was amazed and the coins fell in showers at the Gypsy's feet. Then he began leisurely to unfasten the cords.

The lookers on, with eager eyes, watched every movement with feverish excitement, and a cry of astonishment burst forth on all sides, when the lid was raised and a young child of

surpassing beauty appeared. There she stood, like a small visitant from fairyland, tossing back her golden hair and arranging her frock of gauze.

The poor little pet, bruised, bent, and panting for heat and with bloodshot eyes, made an effort to look bright and happy as she smiled sadly on the crowd. Her appearance was received with shouts of applause, and cries of delight filled the air. She was, indeed, a lovely child, and for sometime the spectators were occupied in forming all kinds of conjectures as to who she could be and where she came from. As to the Gypsy, he stood proudly beside her, his arms folded over his breast, evidently enjoying their surprise and admiration.

All of a sudden a voice was heard: "The little Fairy has come very easily out of the box, the curious thing would be to see her get in again. I would very much like to see her do that. I have my doubts about it."

The mountebank smiled. "She can certainly give you that pleasure, sir; but you must first pay for it," and putting the collecting box into Stella's little hand, he sent her through the crowd. It was soon overflowing, for a French crowd is proverbially generous. She returned to her keeper, and at a sign from him, sprang into the box, bowed her little head between her knees, and so disappeared from view. He at once closed down the lid and stood on it in triumph.

Cries of "That 'll do, that 'll do. Let her out. The poor child will be stifled," came from all sides.

But the mountebank, casting a contemptuous look on the bystanders, deaf to their remonstrances, proceeded leisurely to fasten down the lid with a strong leather strap, as though to prevent any chance of escape on the part of his little prisoner. Then he tossed the box up in the air, catching it again dexterously in his arms as it fell.

"Enough, enough," cried a chorus of indignant voices. "Open the box and let the child out."

At last he obeyed, and she came forth, more dead than alive, bowing gracefully her thanks to her kind deliverers.

As she stood there, pale and trembling, a tall young man of distinguished mien approached and, addressing the mountebank in stern tones, said: "Surely that is sufficient for today. Another such performance might be fatal to the

child. It would be cruel to repeat it. You are carrying on a villainous trade, and I warn you to desist or you may have to bear the consequences."

"I take no orders from any one," replied the Gypsy, casting a furious look at the speaker. "If I choose to continue these performances, I will do so. I'm not going to be bullied by you. I'm not a French subject and so am free to do as I please. What right have you to interfere?"

"Be off, be off," cried the young Parisian, in a tone of authority and making a sign to the crowd, who had highly applauded his intervention, to disperse. In a few minutes the square was empty.

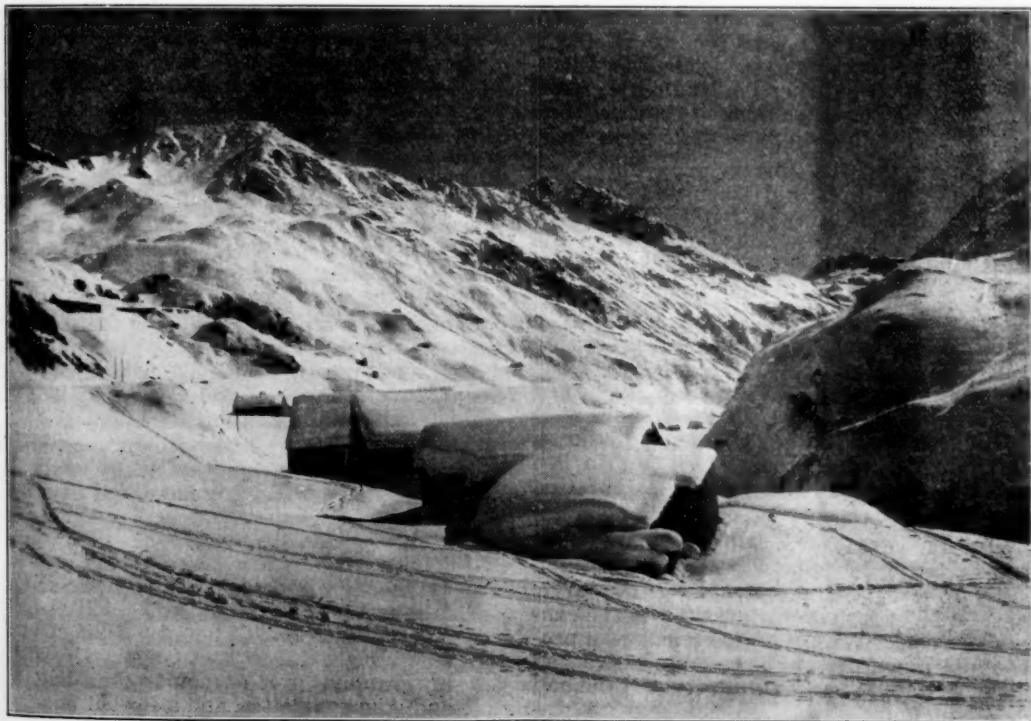
Seeing he had no chance of gaining any more money that day, the Gypsy snatched up the box and left the square, followed by Stella, rejoicing secretly in her heart at the turn things had taken, and blowing grateful kisses from her finger tips to her kind deliverer. She was seen no more that day.

Notwithstanding the event of the preceding day, and the warning he had received, Donato, for that was the Gypsy's name, continued his performances for several days, in the same manner and at the same place. No one else had raised a voice to protest against her sufferings.

But whether he feared the police might interfere or whether his heart was better than we give him credit for, poor little Stella's sojourn in the fatal box was now of short duration. Yet it was becoming evident that even those few moments were too much for the child. She grew paler and paler every day and the dark circles round her eyes seemed to deepen, and the wan smile showed only too plainly that she was not made for the life she now had to live.

From time to time the tiny head would sink forward on her breast while the big tears rolled down her cheeks, perceived by all except Donato. One day, however, the shutters of the windows of a large mansion facing the square were thrown open, and a young woman, dressed in deep mourning appeared. Seeing the crowd, she drew back behind the curtains and there witnessed the performance unnoticed, for Donato was occupied entirely with the idea of finding a more select and wealthy audience.

But that Divine Providence, which watches over all and laughs at the designs of man, had decided otherwise. One evening the inhabitants of the neighborhood watched in vain for the arrival of the Gypsy, but were doomed to disappointment. Neither Donato nor the little Princess Stella were ever seen there again.



Near Andermatt, Central Switzerland

CHAPTER 2

DIVINE PROVIDENCE WATCHES

SORROW, in this life, it is said, seldom comes alone. Grief follows grief, till the poor crushed one almost sinks beneath its load of woe; and such indeed had been the lot of Mme. Eliane de Lussey, the young woman whom we saw standing at the window of her house watching the performance of Donato and the little Princess Stella.

Daughter of a distinguished general, she had the misfortune to lose her mother whilst still an infant. Her father, after his first burst of grief, had devoted himself absolutely to the care of his little child. This brave soldier, strong and valiant, who had grown old in the career of arms, who believed himself to possess a heart of bronze and a soul of steel, whose arm had wielded a mighty sword and whose voice resounded in command like thunder o'er the field of strife, now touched the cradle of his child with all the tenderness of a mother, whilst his words were soft and low. The lion had become a lamb.

He deserted his club and put aside his cigars. His little Eliane became his one and only absorbing thought. He had her cradle placed in a room adjoining his own, and at night would rise and creep softly in on tiptoe to see if she was sleeping peacefully in her little crib. Finally, he decided on quitting Paris altogether and retiring to his country home so that he could devote himself more completely to his charge.

Day after day she seemed to grow more beautiful in his eyes and when she began to make her first little steps his joy knew no bounds. Thus the years rolled on in this calm retreat, the father living solely for his child and she returning his affection to the full.

Now, General des Nanges was not only a brave soldier, but a fervent and practicing Catholic as well. At eventide, when the sun was setting below the forest trees, he would seat himself beneath the shade of some wide spreading oak and, taking Eliane on his knee, would join her tiny hands, teach her to lisp her childish prayers, and talk to her of God and heavenly things.

And so the years flew by till she had attained to her seventh year. She was a beautiful child. Small for her age and very fair, with large, deep-set blue eyes that shadowed forth the candor of her soul. With the rare talent of a professor and much perseverance, her father had taught her to read and write fairly and she had some slight knowledge of history and geography. But the science he had taken most pains to inculcate was religion, which is the founda-

tion of all others, and without which a woman counts for very little here below.

Eliane had an excellent memory and had profited well by his lessons, yet her father felt she now required training and instruction that intercourse with others of her own age alone could give. So at last he made up his mind, though with an aching heart, to place her in more competent hands.

The Convent of St. Denis was close at hand. The daughters of the first families in France were educated there, and the General resolved to place Eliane with the good religious. But the difficulty was to obtain the child's consent to this cruel but necessary separation. All his attempts to persuade her so far had failed. She wept for days, refused to take her food, and clung to her father's side with an energy beyond her years.

He was in despair and began to waver in his resolution, when one day as he was walking in the garden, with bowed head, looking the picture of distress, Eliane, who was playing near, caught sight of him and, realizing for the first time the anguish she was causing, ran forward and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed in a choking voice, "Dearest Dad, take me to St. Denis. I will be good and perhaps get the cross of honor like you."

Her father, quite overcome, embraced her tenderly and soon all was bustle preparing the outfit.

At last the fatal day arrived and they set off for the Abbey. The good-byes were said, and then the great doors closed between father and child, she almost fainted with grief, and he returned to his home desolate and alone. What could he do with himself now in that great house where her memory haunted him on every side. His whole existence had been wrapped in her and he knew not how to fill the void. Oh, how long the days seemed now!

When the weather was fine and the sky clear, the poor General would mount to the top of the castle, armed with field glasses, and endeavor to obtain a glimpse of the walls that held his child. This was his only distraction.

About a fortnight after Eliane's departure a letter arrived bearing the Abbey seal. He opened it with a trembling hand and read:

Darling Dad,

Tomorrow is a holiday. Come and see me. I will devour you with kisses. I have been so good. You will be pleased with me. They say I am too small to get the cross of honor. Dress up grandly. Put on your cocked hat, and gold epaulettes, and sword of honor. I want to show you off to the other girls. I will be so proud of my fa-

ther. Good-bye till tomorrow. I shall dream of you all night.

Your loving Eliane.

This little letter, so full of affection and childish simplicity, filled the old General with joy. His heart beat faster than it had ever done after the triumph of a great victory. He shut himself up in his room there to give full vent to his feelings, and taking out his full dress uniform placed all ready for the next day.

At dinner that evening he seemed nervous and preoccupied, and ate very little. He retired early to rest, evidently overexcited by the thought of the following day. James, his faithful valet, who slept in an adjoining room, was awakened in the night by a noise in his master's room, but as it only lasted for a very short time, he thought it was nothing of consequence, and lay down to sleep again.

In the morning he went at the usual hour to attend on his master, knocked at the door, but, on receiving no answer, opened it and went in. What was his horror to find the General lying across the sofa white as marble, stiff and cold, with wide open staring eyes. He was dead. By an extraordinary decree of Providence he had been struck down before he could call for any assistance. His hands piously clasped together, held Eliane's little letter, still wet with his tears.

Eliane's grief was as intense and immeasurable as her love. Struck down like a flower by the tempest of her love, she lay for weeks hovering between life and death, and it seemed to those who cared for her so tenderly, that she would soon rejoin her beloved father in their heavenly home, when suddenly the poor little orphan began to awake from her long and doleful lethargy.

Filial love had almost wrecked her life. Sisterly love was about to save it. There was at the infirmary at this time a charming young girl, named Marie de Lussey, a few years older than Eliane. Touched to the heart by the sufferings of her young companion, she devoted herself entirely to her service. At the slightest sound on the child's part, Marie was at her side ready to anticipate her every wish and soothe her grief. With unfailing devotion she strove to fill the place left vacant in that loving little heart, and at last succeeded.

Eliane began to understand and appreciate the self-devotion of her young companion and, filled with gratitude, she who had never loved anyone, except her father, now turned all her affections to her new found friend, whose face had been bent so often in tenderness over her during her long days of woe.

This friendship made a happy diversion to Eliane's grief. She now took an interest in

what was going on around. The color returned to her cheek and in a few months her physical strength was restored. All the affection of her heart was now centered on Marie and she could not sufficiently express her gratitude.

Their mutual affection increased as time went on, and made the remaining six years they spent at St. Denis very happy ones. Marie's education being now completed, she returned to her parents. Great as was her joy at being once more at home, she missed her dear Eliane at every turn. She had been her constant companion for so many years, and her absence created a void in her life that none of the pleasure of society could fill.

But love is ingenious in gaining its end. When at the distribution of prizes at the close of the term, Marie had come forward with laurel crown and arms filled with prizes, to greet her parents they had exclaimed in the joy of their hearts: "Ask what you will, dear child, and we will give it you." She now reminded them of their promise and begged they would adopt Eliane as a second daughter. To Marie's great joy they willingly consented.

Eliane had now attained to her seventeenth year. Tall, graceful, with regular features, and large blue eyes that shadowed forth the beauty of her soul, she was quite unconscious of her charms, she thought only how to give pleasure to others. In a short time she had gained the love and esteem of M. and Mme. de Lussey, who rejoiced at having received into their family this beautiful and interesting orphan.

When Eliane had been some time with the de Lusseys, they conceived the project of giving her in marriage to their only son, an excellent young man, who for a brilliant action had just been made colonel of the regiment to which he belonged.

Marie was charged to negotiate this delicate affair with her young friend, and with such success did she accomplish her task that Eliane, at first astonished and disconcerted, at last blushing consented to become the sister of her dear Marie, although as yet she had not even seen the one who was destined to be her future husband; but Marie had painted him in such glowing colors, Eliane thought he must be in all respects as good and kind as his sister.

George de Lussey was now about thirty years of age. He was naturally serious, well educated, but rather reserved, yet he had an affectionate disposition and a generous heart capable of much self-devotion. He had never thought of marriage, but could not remain insensible to the choice his family had made for him, and joyfully consented to make Eliane his bride.

The wedding took place a few months later, and during the interval the young couple had learned to love and appreciate each other, and,

once united, their mutual affection increased day by day.

Eliane now loved her husband as she had once loved her father, only in a different way, and he returned her affection with all the ardor that her virtues and good qualities inspired. Surely the future of this young couple gave every promise of happiness and joy; and, indeed, for some years not a cloud nor a shadow came to mar the peaceful serenity of their lives.

But all at once this enviable prosperity was by an inscrutable design of Providence shattered by an unexpected blow. One day during a review in the Champ de Mars M. de Lussey's horse took fright, reared, and threw his rider to the ground with such force that his skull was fractured, and he died in a few hours.

We will not attempt to describe the grief of his young wife, for there are sorrows here below that the most eloquent pen must fail to portray. We can only say it was immeasurable. She retired to her country villa and there in tears and prayer passed the first years of her widowhood. Then she returned to her Paris residence and gave herself entirely to good works. She felt particularly attracted to the many poor and neglected children who wander about in the streets, hungry and uncared for, and thus all the little beggars of the neighborhood became the objects of her zeal and compassion.

The first thing in the morning on her way to church these young ragamuffins would surround her, as greedy of a smile as of a coin, and were never denied either one or the other.

When at home, she remained alone in her room, reading or working for the poor or the Church, as though shut up in a cloister. One day, however, she was aroused from her habitual seclusion by loud exclamations and prolonged cheers in the great Square facing the mansion. At this unusual commotion, Eliane ran to the window and there beheld the strange scene of "Stella's incarceration in the fatal box."

The sight of so much suffering, combined with the sad resignation depicted on the child's countenance, sent a thrill of sympathy through her frame. The tears rose to her eyes and a cry of indignation escaped her lips. She could see at a glance that Stella was not an ordinary child. There was an air of distinction about her whole person that indicated plainly she was not the Gypsy's offspring.

For the next few days, do what she would Mme. de Lussey could not put the memory of our Stella of her mind. Her image was continually haunting her and she longed to deliver her from the hands of her tormentor, who, she felt sure, was not her father, and, having sought light from God, in prayer, she resolved

to adopt Stella as a daughter. She was perfectly independent since her husband's death, and free to act as she pleased; so she determined to put her project into execution without delay.

That evening, calling her faithful steward, James, (who had been her father's devoted valet), she addressed him thus: "I know, James, I can depend on your fidelity, and now I am going to put it to the test."

"Madam," replied the old man bowing profoundly, "I would go through fire and water to serve you."

"Well, then, I want you to find that mountebank Donato and bring him here to me."

James stared at his young mistress in astonishment, while he answered respectfully, "If I have to travel all over France, I will find him and bring him here."

"I knew I could depend on you, James."

"And what shall I say to induce to come with me?"

"Tell him I want to speak to him."

"Only that? I fear he will not come."

"Oh, well then, say that I have some good fortune in store for him."

James stepped back now fully convinced that his young mistress was indeed slightly deranged. Good fortune for a Gypsy like Donato? A man of evil fame? A vulgar, ill-favored fellow whom everyone despised? Could it be possible, or did his ears deceive him?

Eliane noticed his agitation and divined its cause. "Here," she said, smiling, handing him a purse. "This will pave the way. Find me this terrible Donato and may the good God protect you and His angels guide you."

James, not knowing in his bewilderment what to answer, left the room in silence. When Eliane found herself alone, she fell on her knees and implored the divine assistance in her charitable enterprise.

(To be continued)

Hoc est Enim Corpus Meum

PHILIP HUGH

Thy Wounds, O Lord, I do not see;
But where my senses fail, I find
The surer light of faith in Thee,
And what Thy mercy hath divin'd.

O Mystery! O Love divine!
Who doth an earthly presence take,
And in its compass doth confine
Thy very Godhead for my sake!

Let mind and heart, by reason led,
Surrender and my faith attest;
Professing Thee in form of Bread,
And in Thy sacred Presence rest!

A Child Shall Lead Them

Youthful Eucharistic Apostles

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"AN eloquence of its own! An eloquence of its own!" Thus spoke Father Gilbert in a meditative tone after he had read the news item of a paper that had chanced to fall into his hands.

"What is it, Father? Another Webster or O'Connell arisen?" inquired James Daly who sat beside the priest on the train.

"No, better than that. The Babe of the manger has again verified the Psalmist's words: 'Out of the mouth of infants and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.'"

"How so?"

"Well, according to this account the children of Vienna have indeed become real apostles where priests had failed."

"Sure enough, Father?"

"Yes, out of six hundred families who had fallen away from the faith all but nine were reclaimed through the instrumentality of children."

"How did it all happen?"

"You see, after the war Vienna was a place of great suffering: poverty stared into many a man's face; employment was scarce; living quarters were at a premium. Consequently these people were huddled together most miserably and radical speakers let loose upon them. The latter found a fertile field with the result that they could easily instill their Socialistic and Free-thinking principles into the hearts of these poor, despairing wretches. Not only did many of them fall away from the Church but they became actually hostile to religion. They even defiled the walls of the little church in their midst and smashed its equipment and windows."

"Such a state is certainly sad."

"Yes, therefore, all the more consoling is the end, the reclamation of such souls. At first, of course, matters appeared very

discouraging. When the priests visited the homes of these victims, they were rebuffed with insults. Not a single sign of Christianity was found in the few homes they succeeded in entering. Then the children were summoned to their apostolate. They were sent to the very places where the priests had been refused admittance. These little ones bore a few written, friendly lines, requesting an interview, asking the families to come to church for such and such a sermon. Suddenly the persons addressed became more affable. They now admitted the priests, and even came once more to church. Today only nine of the six hundred wayward families persist in their insults to the missionaries. What a joy to the Eucharistic Lord to have his deluded children again at the feet of the tabernacle! All credit to these tiny apostles."

"Father, I chime in with your bravo. I occasionally read the Indian Missionary's *Little Bronzed Angel*. I was recently struck by the account given of the little child, Beatrice Selwyn, who received her First Holy Communion on her deathbed. Immediately she turned into an apostle, saying to her mother: 'Mamma, I want you and my brothers to be with me in heaven. I want to be buried at the Mission and I want you to join the Catholic Church and be with me.'"



A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

"I remember reading the incident myself. Such examples are always edifying. I recall an instance where a missionary had just closed a retreat. He happened to notice two little fellows, one about five years old and the other about ten, enter the church hurriedly. The smaller led the larger one. They went straight toward the tabernacle. The little one began to gesticulate and to point to the tabernacle door and was all the while explaining something. Then both fell on their knees. The missionary was puzzled by the whole scene. Finally he approached the little guide and asked him about the subject of their conversation. The child replied: 'Father I have been at the retreat and at the feast. He—just think of it—old as he is knows nothing. He does not know where God is. I brought him here and I have been telling him that God has made Himself very little here and that He lives there in that tiny golden house. The Father said we must all be missionaries and so I have been showing him where God is.'"

"Well, well! What do you know about that! A good many years ago I read something similar. A mother took her little daughter with her to church one day. They went to the side altar to visit the Infant Jesus in St. Joseph's arms. After kneeling there for some time the child became impatient and whispered to her mother: 'Now let us go to the other altar where the real Jesus is.'"

"What have you to say of this case? In 1897 Cardinal Perraud, speaking at the Eucharistic Congress of Paray-le-Monial, related this incident which he had heard from the lips of Cardinal Vaughan himself. A certain Protestant minister of London had for a long time felt a strong attraction for the Catholic Church but he still resisted grace. One day he led his five-year-old daughter to a Catholic Church. The little girl found so many new things, about which she questioned her father. What struck her most forcibly was the red sanctuary lamp before the altar. 'Papa,' she said, 'why does that bright light burn during day time?' 'Child,' he replied, 'that is to indicate that Jesus is present behind that little gold door you see on the altar.'—'Oh, I'd like to see Him!—'You can't, the door is locked. Besides He is hidden under a little mantle. You couldn't see Him anyway.'—'Oh, I'd like to see Him,' the child repeated. Later on the two came to a Protestant church where there was neither lamp nor tabernacle. 'Papa, why is there no lamp here?'—'Because Jesus is not here.' The child then looked inquiringly at her father and became very quiet. Ever after she thirsted for more knowledge of the Catholic faith and was unwilling to enter a Protestant church. She always assigned as her reason that she wanted to go

there where Jesus was. This wisdom of his darling child made a deep impression on the father and strengthened him. He now felt more and more that Jesus and the true Church must be together. But to become a Catholic he had to renounce his errors and to take the step publicly. Such a course meant a great sacrifice for himself and his family. He had been drawing a salary of 1000 pounds (about \$5000). This was to be lost. Nevertheless he and his wife passed over to the Catholic Church. Their little daughter had thus become their apostle."

"Why, Father, I believe you are going to get the little ones to teach us older ones after a while."

"Not just that, but they can teach us many a thing, especially as long as they are in their innocence. A Protestant lady brought her 'baby,' a boy of nine years, to the sisters and asked them whether they would accept him as a pupil for the coming year. Now you may ask: what could have prompted this lady in making her request? Well, it was something very special. One day the mother was alone with her child in the kitchen. As mothers often do, she asked him: 'Baby, is there anyone you love more than mother?'—'Yes,' was the answer. The mother was somewhat startled, as you may imagine, and immediately put a second question: 'Well, my dear, who is it?' The child kept on at his play and quite calmly said: 'Why, God, of course.'—'Oh, to be sure,' she replied hardly able to hide her surprise, since she had been remiss in the religious training of her child. Having started, she was going to continue her inquiry until she obtained satisfaction. Hence she went on: 'But, Baby, I come next after God, don't I?'—'No,' responded the youngster, 'there is another.'—'Who is it?'—'It is Jesus in the Tabernacle. Don't you know, Mamma, that Jesus died for me and is present in the Tabernacle.' The child's idea of the Divinity of Christ was yet unclear, but the mother was still pleased so long as only God was preferred to her. She asked further: 'Is there anyone else you love more than me? I must come after Jesus.' Teasingly the lad threw a bright look at his mother and exclaimed: 'Only one more, Mamma.' Then, throwing his arms around her neck, he drew her head down to him and whispered into her ear: 'I love Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and you, Mamma, come next to Mary. The mother was moved to tears and hugging her child most affectionately, she proceeded to inquire where he had gotten all this information about Jesus and Mary. She learned that his instructor had been no other than a little Catholic playmate who had attended the Sisters' school for four months."

Mr. Day simply shook his head to express his wonder and admiration. Father Gilbert and his friend were evidently sunk in deep thought for a few moments and hence their conversation lagged. Just then the newsboy came along with his fruit basket. He drewled his usual: 'Apples! oranges! and bananas! ten cents!' But the sales were few and far between. He spied a small urchin all alone in a seat. His sparkling look caught the eye of the newsboy, who hoped to get a little merriment out of the child. Stopping at the seat he said: 'Any oranges, sonny?' 'No, sir,' was the quick reply. 'I'll give you one if you can tell where God is.' 'I'll get you two more, bigger than yours, if you tell where He isn't,' the little lad fired back. The newsboy blushed and grinned whilst the passengers well nigh roared.

"There," said Father Gilbert, "he'd make another such apostle, another Tarcisius. No doubt you know his history."

"I have only a vague recollection of it, Father."

"You surely remember that during the period of the early persecutions the acolytes at times were commissioned to carry the Holy Eucharist to those who could not attend the Holy Sacrifice, because they were imprisoned or otherwise hindered. Now the boy, Tarcisius, was thus authorized by Pope Stephen. This holy pope was martyred in 258. The very next day Tarcisius carried the Body of our Lord to the Christians in prison. The heathens recognized him, and surmised from his bearing that he was carrying the Sacred Species. They obstructed his path and commanded him to disclose what he held hidden under his garment. He rejected the demand, offered resistance, and defended himself. But what could a mere boy do in the face of so many rowdies? He prayed to our Lord: 'My life counts as nothing, Thou art my all. Shall I permit Thee to be desecrated by godless hands? Oh, spare Thyself this shame and me this pain.' When he had pronounced these words, he pressed to his heart with great affection the treasure he had on his bosom and fell to the ground bespattered with his own blood, having been struck by a heavy stone. His hands still clutched the precious object entrusted to him, whilst his tormentors heaped upon him blow after blow to force him to relinquish his grasp. Finally, weakened by the great loss of blood he gave back his soul into the hands of his Maker. The enemies pounced upon their victim to gain the treasure but they assaulted him in vain. What actually happened we are not told. However, the acts of the martyrs relate that the heathens suddenly abandoned their victim and took to flight."

"Father, I cannot help thinking that Mexico could use youths of this type."

"You are right, for several times in history such a need has arisen. Why, one of our own bishops, the saintly Bishop Bruté, the first to rule the present diocese of Indianapolis, formerly Vincennes, played the rôle of Tarcisius in his boyhood days."

"In this country, Father?"

"No. You are aware of the fact that he was a native of France. In his youth he was forced to witness the 'Terror' of the French revolution. The house of Madame Bruté was ever the asylum of priests during those days. Beneath the house chapel there was a secret altar at which two aged priests, one a Dominican and the other a Capuchin, offered up the Holy Sacrifice. But they could not venture forth with the Blessed Sacrament. For this reason the boy Gabriel, disguised as a baker's son, carried the Sacred Host to the prisons, that is, to those condemned to die. The boy, as he himself says, would enter into conversation with the guards so as to become known to them and get an opportunity of reaching the prisoners with letters concealed for them in his clothes. It was on these occasions that he would sometimes carry the Blessed Sacrament on his bosom, whilst a priest in disguise followed him to administer the other spiritual consolations to the captives. This devotion to the Holy Eucharist, thus fostered in his youth, grew considerably after he became a priest and bishop, so much so that the Venerable Bishop Flaget, likewise of saintly memory, said of him: 'My God! when he celebrates the Holy Mysteries, when he speaks of Jesus Christ, of His love for man, of His continual spirit of sacrifice, my heart dilates, is inflamed like that of the disciples of Emmaus; I am impassioned, I then hope, I anticipate miracle upon miracle to be wrought by this venerable Apostle.'"

Father Gilbert then began to moralize: "Here again we see that as the young tree is bent the old tree grows. If the children are inflamed with love and devotion for the Holy Eucharist, they are apt to retain it in a maturer age."

Just then the brakeman called Father Gilbert's station: "Eureka! Eureka! all out for Eureka!" The priest took special notice of the lad who had set the newsboy right. Sure enough the brave little fellow was to get off here too. When they had dismounted, Father Gilbert pulled the lad aside and encouraged him to persevere in his staunch faith and remarked: "Boy, I believe you have a vocation to the priesthood. The church needs courageous youths like you. If God has such designs, you must not frustrate them. You owe it to Him, to the Church, and to yourself to respond to your calling."

The Magi in Art

FLORENCE GILMORE

"**O**MNIPOTENCE and impotence, or divinity and infancy, do definitely make a sort of epigram which a million repetitions cannot turn into a platitude," Chesterton says in "The Everlasting Man"; and certainly countless repetitions, by painters of every school, have failed to exhaust the beauty, the sweetness, and the depths of infinite mystery which are enshrined in every phase of the Christmas story. The wearisome journey to Bethlehem, the Nativity, the vision of the shepherds, and their visit to the manger, and every incident connected with the coming of the Magi, have been pictured with a consummate art that is the admiration of the world. Probably it is paintings of the Nativity which are most frequently reproduced, but neither in beauty, interest, nor variety, do they surpass those which tell the story of the Wise Men who journeyed from the East in search of the little King.

St. Matthew did not tell half so much about the Magi as devoutly curious Christians have always longed to know, and many a legend has been invented to explain who they were and whence they came, and to supply other details which the evangelist passes over in silence. Mediaeval poems and miracle plays invented many of these and perpetuated more, and great painters assured them of immortality. Today they are as familiar as the facts which they embellish.

The Gospel does not say how many Wise Men there were. In the earliest representations their number varies from two to six in the West, and in the Orient as many as twelve are not unusual; but in time it became almost universally customary to picture three, to correspond to the number of their gifts. Among the Latins it has long been an accepted tradition that their names were Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. Gaspar is supposed to have been an Arabian, about sixty years of age; Balthasar, a negro, from Saba, and about twenty years younger; Melchior, a very young man, from Tharsis. It was a literal application of the words of the Psalmist, "The kings of Tharsis and the Islands shall offer presents: the kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts," that determined the native lands of the visitors, and bestowed upon them the kingship of which St. Matthew makes no mention. The first representation in which the Magi wear crowns is in Ravenna, and bears the date 534.

It is probable that the Wise Men did not reach Bethlehem very soon after the birth of

Jesus. They came many a weary mile on camels; besides, as Herod ordered the massacre of all children of two years and under, it is evident that he knew, from the Magi's story, that Christ might be as much as two years old. Only one early painting, and few among more modern ones, picture the Child as still in the crib. Ordinarily, He sits on Mary's knee and is no longer an Infant, but a little, eager, loving Child.

The earliest representation of the Magi, which has been preserved to us, is in the catacomb of Sts. Marcellinus and Peter at Rome. Our Blessed Mother is seated on a large chair with her Child upon her lap. Two Magi approach from opposite sides, with gifts in dishes of gold. Their dress—a short tunic, a mantle, and a peculiar turban—shows that they came from the East, but they bear no insignia of royalty.

In later representations St. Joseph is present; oftentimes the star is to be seen; the Wise Men wear crowns and are gorgeously attired; and frequently several camels, in the background, are made to tell the story of a long journey. In time, these additions did not satisfy the artists, and gayly dressed attendants were made to follow the kings. Even dogs, monkeys, parrots, and prancing horses were sometimes introduced.

Fra Angelico painted the Adoration of the Magi at least three times, and in each picture one of the Kings is represented in the act of kissing the foot of the Divine Infant: a reverent and tender detail which was repeatedly used by those who came after him. In one of the paintings, now in the Academy at Florence, our Blessed Mother is seated before a plain little house with her Babe on her lap; another, preserved in St. Mark's, Florence, has a rugged, hilly background, and the Wise Men are attended by numerous courtiers and servants; a third, also in St. Mark's, depicts the kings in most gorgeous attire. In none of them is any of the Magi pictured as a negro; in all, the Child is lovingly and eagerly welcoming His guests. Fra Angelico's best beloved heads of our Blessed Mother are not details from any of his three "Adoration of the Magi."

The most famous of all representations of the Magi's story is the work of a pupil of Fra Angelico: Benozzo de Lese, better known as Gozzoli, who was one of his assistants in the decoration of a chapel in the Cathedral of Orvieto. Although Gozzoli's fresco of the journey of the

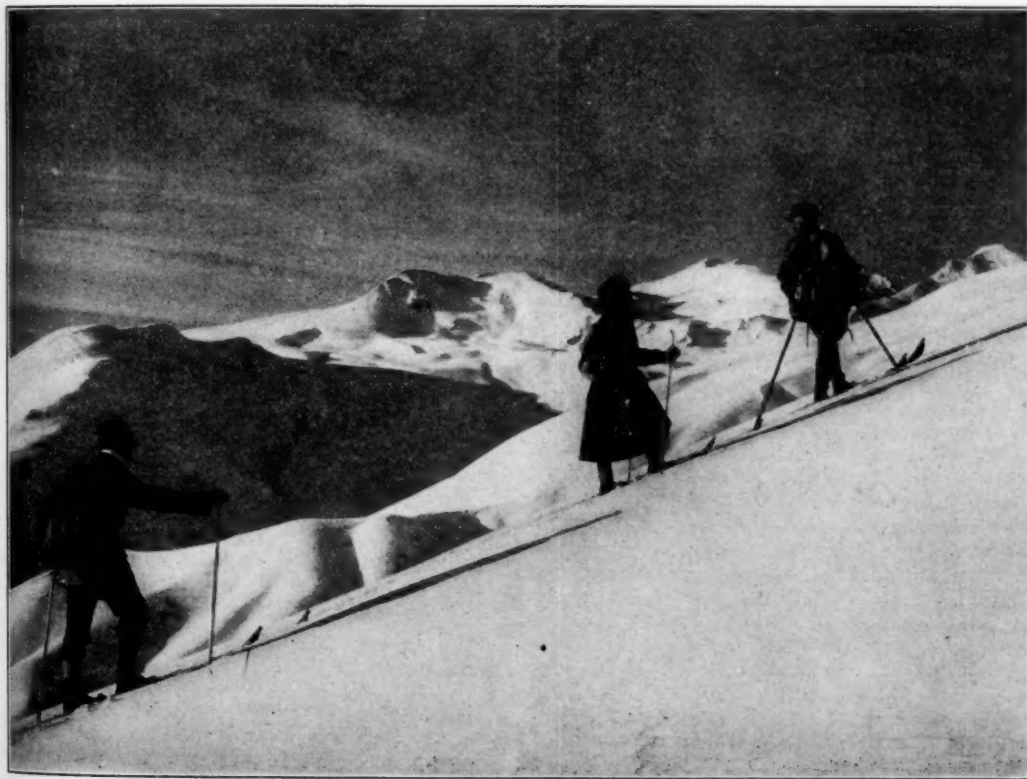
Magi lacks the heavenly loveliness of his Dominican teacher's work, it shows traces of his influence in the choice of a subject which the master had used frequently, and in the groups of angels which flank the altarpiece.

The Medici, the great merchant princes of Florence, had just completed the Riccardi palace, and they commissioned Gozzoli to decorate its chapel: a comparatively small room, measuring twenty-five by twenty feet. For many a year after the great painter finished his work there, it had no window. Some have surmised that he worked by lamp light; but it is more generally thought that, so handicapped, it would have been impossible for him to produce such a symphony of exquisite color. A more probable explanation seems to be that Gozzoli's painting was done before the chapel was roofed over and entirely separated from the immense and well lighted hall of which it originally formed a part.

Gozzoli represented the journey of the Magi to Jerusalem in a long and fascinating procession which circles around three sides of the chapel wall. On the fourth he painted an altar piece of the Nativity, which has been removed.

On either side of the altarpiece there were groups of angels, conceived after the manner of Fra Angelico's, but not so beautiful as his. The Kings pass through a lovely, wooded valley, attended by a numerous retinue of huntsmen, pages, and squires, many of them on prancing horses, and followed by dogs. Gozzoli was devoted to children and to animals and never lost—and even invented—excuses to introduce them into his pictures. In fact, he painted them more lovingly than angels or saints.

The eldest of the Kings, with his fine face and long gray beard, is a portrait of the Patriarch who then occupied the See of Constantinople; the haughty Greek emperor, John Palaeologus, was the model for the second; and the third represents young Lorenzo de Medici, only twelve years of age at the time, who is pictured in white, embroidered with gold, and wearing a blue turban. All the attendants are Florentine types, in fifteenth-century, Florentine dress; and the whole procession is less an interpretation of a religious incident, than a pageant of Florentine pomp in the heyday of the great city's glory. Gozzoli's colors have re-



Ascending on Skiis to Strela Pass above Davos, Switzerland

tained their freshness, while so many paintings of his day have faded; and this marvellous procession is one of the very finest mural decorations in the world.

It is an "Adoration of the Magi" which is the most widely known work of Gentile de Fabriano; and here, too, Fra Angelico's influence may be traced, for the artist spent the greater part of 1420 to 1423 in Florence, and painted his "Adoration" in the latter year—a time when the city was breathlessly and lovingly watching every stroke of the gentle friar's brush; and like Angelico, he pictures the eldest king on his knees before the Child, and about to kiss His tiny foot. In Gentile de Fabriano's masterpiece the little Jesus, a lovely and lovable figure, lays His hand on the head of the old man who kneels before Him.

His coloring is Gentile de Fabriano's chief merit, and in this painting it is magnificent, and all the more striking for being used in conjunction with much gold. The gorgeous robes of the Kings and the gay apparel of their pages and squires supplied the artist with alluring material. Into his background he introduced dogs, monkeys, and parrots, as well as the more familiar ox and ass.

Many another Italian artist pictured the Magi. Botticelli painted them on wood, half size, with all the figures in attractive fifteenth-century costumes. Paul Veronese painted the story five times; and Titian, Del Sarto, Francia, and Sodoma, at least once. There is a beautiful "Adoration of the Magi," which is attributed to Raphael, but is not certainly his. Domenico Ghirlandaio painted a lovely one, in which Jesus is seated on His Mother's knee, and the three Kings kneel before Him. One of them leans forward to kiss the little foot.

That the "Adoration" of Albrecht Dürer equals the masterpieces of the best Italian artists is the judgment of his countrymen. His Blessed Virgin is fair-haired; she wears a blue gown and a white veil. The Magi, in magnificent robes, glistening with gold, approach her and her Child, bearing their gifts. Painted in Germany, about a hundred and fifty years ago, it was sent to Florence in exchange for Fra Bartolommeo's "Presentation in the Temple," and is now in the Uffizi.

An exquisite picture of the Magi was painted in 1450 by the Flemish master, Roger van der Weyden, who was an ardent admirer of Gentile de Fabriano. He made one of his Wise Men a typical negro, dark-skinned, thick-lipped, and with curling hair: a tradition which Italy was slow to accept; but he adopted the convention of depicting one as an old man, and of dressing all three most richly. His Kings are gazing at the star, and in it the figure of the Child is plainly seen. This great painting hangs

in the Berlin museum: one of the most reverent and devotional of religious pictures.

Very different, both in spirit and in treatment, are Rubens' representations of the same subject. His religious paintings lack the reverence and the spirituality attained by the Italians. He was neither a friar like Angelico, nor the pupil of one like Gozzoli, nor even a man of simple and humble living. Throughout his life he was rich, a friend of the great ones of earth, at home in more than one European court; so it is not surprising that he was in love with earthly rather than with heavenly beauty, with earthly rather than with heavenly joys. Not spiritual loveliness, but elegance, richness of color, and superb draughtmanship are the excellences of his work. His "Adoration of the Magi," conceived "in a fury of color and extravagance," is a magnificent painting, but one more suitable for a gallery than a church. His dark-skinned King, with his childishly amazed expression of countenance, is almost, if not quite, a comic figure.

The story of the Magi attracts the artists of today only less strongly than it attracted those of other ages. For instance, Bouguereau painted an "Adoration" for the church of St. Vincent de Paul, in Paris; and our own La Farge chose the subject for one of his supreme efforts. He made blue the predominating color, a daring thing for a painter to do; but the effect is very tender and very lovely. His Kings are four in number. One of them has dismounted and kneels before the Child: a trembling, awed, reverent old figure. La Farge pictures the little Jesus as an Infant still in the crib.

It is good to see the old, old, ever-loved story of the Wise Men retold by one of our own: an American and a Catholic. It stresses for us the Catholicity and the unchangeableness of the Faith, reminding us that the three who journeyed from afar to adore the Infant King burned with the same fire of love that steeled the hearts of hunted Christians, hiding in the catacombs that they might worship Him; the same that was the centre of life, its joy and its sweetness in the Ages of Faith; that today is the hope and the strength of millions who, in defiance of an unbelieving world, adore the Child whom a star announced long centuries ago.

We cannot estimate the effect of one Communion less in the life of a child—Lacordaire.

If your love is for Jesus Christ, you are free; you are becoming conformed to His image; your conversation, that is, your life and conduct even here below are continually in heaven.—St. Alphonsus.

The Son of Consolation

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

HE WAS a blue-eyed, brown-haired, cherry-cheeked boy of about six summers and he was generally called Barney—short for Barnabas.

His mother had bestowed this scriptural name upon him—a name never before borne by a Denny—because God had given him to her when she was in terrible trouble and his birth had been the one bright spot in a grey horizon.

"He is our son of consolation," she told her husband, "so you will let me call him Barnabas, though it's neither a Denny nor an O'Connor name, he will be our joy and our comfort in the future, and he brings gladness and hope to our sore hearts today. You will be telling me to get the priest to christen him Barnabas, eh, Mick ashore?"

Of course Mick consented and Barney grew daily lovelier and more lovable, for lovelier and more lovable than his three sisters who, truth to tell, were rather given to grumbling because their path, far from being strewn with fragrant roses, was a whilom thorny one, but as their mother frequently reminded them, the most beautiful and sweetest roses often have the sharpest thorns. "You are not badly off my pets. We all love each other and after all love is the greatest good."

Her second daughter, Nan, made an extraordinary grimace, compounded of somewhat patronizing toleration for the Mater's opinions, and extreme resentment at her own fate. Nan was the clever one of the family, a tall girl, red-haired and freckled, but redeemed from plainness by a pair of fine brown eyes and full red lips. She gave a little toss of her scarlet head: "It's all very well for you to talk, Mamma, but—"

She was interrupted by Betty, the eldest girl, rushing in and excitedly waving a newspaper: "They are going to have another Flag Day in the city," she cried, "and this time it's for the poor!"

"Praise be to God," murmured Mrs. Denny devoutly. "You will all three of you help, won't you, girls, and you, Barney dear, will do your bit."

Nan gave a queer little laugh: "Faith, it's poor we are ourselves and I see no call to help others. For my part I won't go into the city at all on the Flag Day, let alone trying to sell—"

"Oh, Nan," interpolated Moira, the youngest girl, a maiden of about fourteen, fair, slender, small, and serious beyond her years, "you do

not mean that. We are all bound to help each other!"

"I'll go for the fun of the thing," answered Betty. She had just put up her hair and shortened her skirts and rather fancied herself as a grown-up young lady.

Saucy Nan tossed her head: "I think the people who ought to help and give big subs are people like Miss Consedine, but you may take it from me, she won't give even one penny though she could eat treasury notes and wallow in gold."

"The notes would be rather indigestible food, and as for wallowing in gold, personally I'd prefer a bath of cold water," put in a man's voice with a tinge of sarcasm in it.

"You there, Dad?" called out Betty, turning round and looking with pleasure at her tall, burly father.

"Poor Miss Consedine!" sighed Mrs. Denny. She spoke dreamily. She had not noticed her husband's entrance, nor heard his and Betty's remarks: "Poor, poor soul!"

"Poor indeed!" sniffed Nan, Betty gurgled and Moira looked intensely surprised.

"Is Miss Consedine really poor, Mummy?" enquired Barney, round-eyed and open-mouthed, "really real you know?"

"Yes, really real, Barney darling," answered Mrs. Denny, "far, far poorer than we are, and God knows we are poor enough."

"Oh, come now, Nora," her husband observed raising his bushy brows, "draw it mild, my dear—we are poor, Heaven knows—" and he glanced sadly round the little sparsely furnished parlor. It was spotless and there were little efforts at prettiness in the sense of dainty chintz curtains, cheap but effective, pictures, books, a few flowers, but the carpet was threadbare and the springs of the sofa and armchairs were absolutely broken. "We are poor," he continued unhappily, "but Miss Consedine—" he spread out his hands with a gesture expressive of incredulity.

His wife shook her head: "It's true, true as the Gospel," she asserted with decision, "she is far, far poorer than the most miserable beggar in the lanes of the city. You need not smile and nod, girls, and you, Barney my precious, it's time for you to go to bed. Come darling, I'll bathe and tuck you up myself tonight."

She generally did, but she always half apologized for so doing and so with a few whispered directions to Moira about the preparation

of supper, she caught her son of consolation in her arms and carried him off to the nursery.

The following morning Miss Consedine sat in the spacious airy drawing-room of Oak Hall. Too airy and too spacious it was on this cold and bleak November day. It was indeed inexpressibly dreary and comfortless despite the heavy golden-brown velvet curtains draping the long windows, despite the thick pile of the somewhat faded Axminster carpet, despite the blue and gold of the rococo furniture. On the white and gold wall paper hung long mirrors and beautiful pictures in massive gilt frames, nevertheless the room was bare and chill and had a neglected air, for dust lay thick on carpet and tables and ornaments and cabinets, in fact on everything. The tiniest of coal fires burnt in a big old-fashioned grate, and Emily Consedine shivered as she moved her chair closer to it, drawing the old-fashioned, black, knitted shawl she wore closer round her thin shoulders.

She put her shapely, poorly-clad feet on the rusty fender and endeavored to warm them, and laid her thin heavily-ringed hands at the dreary apology for a cheerful fire.

She was a tall, gaunt woman of about eight and forty, though she looked almost sixty. Lines of ill temper and of peevishness marred a face that must once have been remarkably handsome. The fine eyes had a hard, scornful expression, and the short upper lip was twisted back in a fixed sneer. She looked as though she had forgotten how to smile, indeed she had more the aspect of a dried-up mummy than a living breathing woman, so many and so unpleasing the lines and furrows of her deep frown in her parchment-like skin.

It was almost impossible to realize that thirty years ago she had been a beautiful, light-hearted girl, full of the *joie-de-vivre*, gay, high-spirited, gloriously happy:

"Standing with reluctant feet

Where the brook and river meet—

Womanhood and childhood fleet."

Then the terrible bolt fell from the blue on the very eve of her wedding day the irremediable, the overwhelming catastrophe happened. Her lover, debonair, handsome Frank Darcey

was foully murdered. It was during the "Bad Times," and he had been shot from behind a hedge. Death was mercifully instantaneous, but to the girl who half an hour later stood white and motionless and dry-eyed beside his dead body it seemed as though there was no mercy on earth or in heaven. She felt paralyzed—never to hope again. The iron hand entered into her soul changing and disfiguring her whole nature. From that day no one saw her weep or smile, nor speak kindly, gentle words to any living creature. As the years went by she but grew colder and harder and more self-centered. Her one object in life was to save—save every halfpenny, every candle end. It became a mania with her, so although she owned broad lands and gold galore, she never spent an unnecessary farthing. She stinted not only her dependent but herself of everything save the barest necessities; thus it was that she sat shivering over a cheerless fire in a bleak and dreary morning in early November, and as she sat and shivered the heart within her gaunt and shrunken body was as hard and as cold as steel.

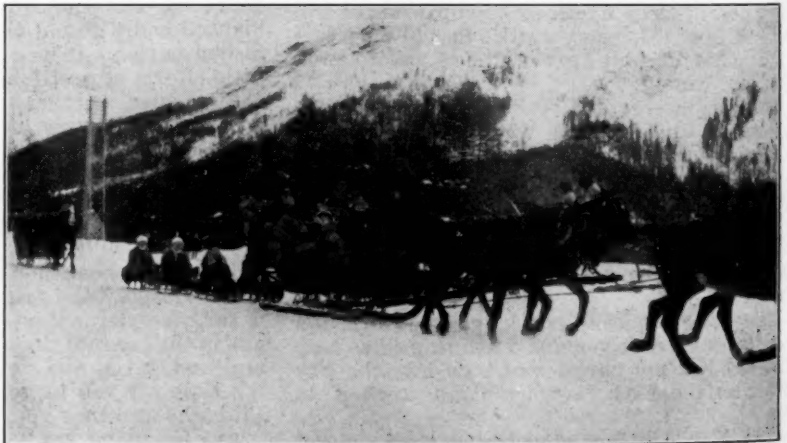
Suddenly the door opened timidly, a boy stood hesitating on the threshold. A blue-eyed, brown-haired boy in a short, grey, homespun jacket and knickerbockers and long stockings.

He came slowly forward holding something tightly clasped in one small hand.

Emily Consedine stared at him with "a stony British stare" that ought to have annihilated him, only it did not, for he was extraordinarily brave and resolute.

"What do you want?" she asked, a heavy scowl weighing down her dark brows. "You should not have come here!"

The boy smiled, a disarming, very sweet



Sleighbing near St. Moritz, Switzerland

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smile, and he said in a very clear and vibrant voice: "I hope you will let me help you."

"Help me?" she raised astounded brows, her voice was shrill in its amazement.

"Yes," he answered undauntedly, "Mummy says you are very, very poor and so I brought you this."

He handed her two silver florins, one new, the other rather battered, a sixpence with a hole in it, and three new pennies.

"It's all I have," he said regretfully, "and I am sorry they are not all new. New money is much nicer than old, is it not?"

She stared dumbfounded, then with a queer grimace she took the money, fingered it lovingly, and deliberately placed it in an old leather purse she took from her pocket.

The boy's face grew radiant, his eyes sparkled, he sighed with pleasant content.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" he cried gleefully, "it's awfully nice of you to take it. I was afraid you might refuse. I was afraid you might not be pleased with me for offering it to you. I am so glad I have not hurt your feelings. Mummy says some poor people get hurt if you offer them money, and I am so glad I have not hurt your feelings."

"Who are you?" demanded Miss Consedine in awe-inspiring accents.

It was the boy's turn to be surprised. He opened wide eyes: "Why, I'm Barney!" he replied with frank candor.

"Barney? Barney what?" she asked with growing irritation.

The lad's face cleared: "Mumsy calls me the 'son of consolation,'" he confided, with one of his disarming smiles.

Miss Consedine stamped impatiently: "Who is your mother?" she asked with impatience.

"Why Mother is Mumsy!" he replied with charming simplicity.

Miss Consedine frowned, then changed her mode of questioning. "Does she—your mother—know you are here, and that you came to help me and give me money?" she sharply enquired.

The boy grew scarlet from chin to brow: "Oh, no," he said, and there was a suspicion of suppressed tears in his clear young voice: "I did not tell Mumsy, I did not tell anyone. No one knows."

Miss Consedine scrutinized him with keen penetration, and as she did so her face cleared a little, almost one could fancy that her thin lips twisted into the semblance of a wry smile.

"How old are you?" she questioned with a frosty gleam of geniality.

"Five years and eight months. I will be six on the 19th of March—St. Joseph's Day."

"Then why didn't your parents have you christened Joseph?" she asked incisively.

"They did—I am called Barnabas Joseph, but Dad and Mumsy and my sisters and everybody calls me Barney. My sister Betty says it's short for Barnabas and Maureen says it's a pet name."

"Barney!" she repeated a trifle wistfully. The boy shyly held out his hand: "I will be late for dinner if I wait. May I go now, please?"

"Where do you live?" she asked acidly. Again he opened wide eyes of surprise: "Why, in the cottage over the river half a mile away!"

"Oh, then you are the son of Michael Denny," she asserted more than asked.

Barney nodded, still holding his hand outstretched. She took it and held it in an iron grip.

"What were you going to do with the money you gave me?" she asked curiously.

Barney blushed and stammered: "I was saving it to buy a pony," he confessed.

"And you have given it to me, all to me, a stranger—and of your own free will?" Her sharp eyes searched his face, but he met her gaze with absolute frankness.

"No—one—no one," she cross-questioned, "suggested you should help me—help me!" Her voice was harsh and derisive.

The boy stared. If he had not been such a brave and honest little soul, he would have been frightened by her vehemence. As it was, he was only astounded.

She heaved a deep sigh: "Little Barney," she whispered, "Little Barney!"

With a quick movement she bent toward him, and lightly touched his soft curls with her lips, then she pushed him away.

"Go," she said, "I thank you for your gift. You have helped me. Go."

* * * *

On the great day Betty Denny walked briskly along the road into the city. She was arrayed in a dainty yet serviceable coat and skirt of rough tweed, the skirt sufficiently short to show her pretty feet encased in strong willow calf boots. She wore a white armlet on which was inscribed in big red lettering "For the Poor." and she carried a tin collecting box with a slit, also a tray on which was a gaudy green and red pincushion and into which she had stuck a number of white flags with the same device printed on them as on the armlet: "For the Poor."

When she was close to the big black and gilt iron gates of Oak Hill—the grand gates the people called them—she saw a tall gaunt woman in shabby and threadbare black standing just outside them. Betty's heart bounded, she recognized Miss Consedine and she wondered would she venture to ask her to buy a flag. She

and indeed all the neighbors looked on the mistress of Oak Hill as a half crazy miser. Moreover, they were considerably in awe of her decidedly disagreeable, not to say saturnine, personality, and biting and sarcastic tongue.

Betty reflected, the cause was a good one, and "nothing venture, nothing win"—so she took her courage in both hands and timidly asked the formidable spinster to purchase a flag.

Emily Consedine scowled and frowned, then her sardonic expression grew a shade less repellent: "You are Barney's sister?" she curtly enquired.

Betty opened her pretty eyes. She was not aware that Miss Consedine knew even of her brother's existence, much less his name.

"Yes, I am the eldest. I am Betty," she murmured shyly, her quick color coming and going.

Emily Consedine considered her: "Hum—" she growled, "you are not a patch on him. You are a very ordinary creature."

Again the quick color came and went, this time from wounded vanity and Betty was on the point of making a sharp rejoinder; when she remembered that if she wished to obtain a contribution from the lady, she must propitiate her.

"Barney is the pick of the basket," she admitted, dimpling and smiling, "and perhaps you will let me pin a flag on your coat—" suiting the action to the words, she proceeded to do so, though in fear and trembling, for she feared a rebuff, but Miss Consedine said nothing, she only grunted, whether with approbation or not Betty could not tell. The girl held out the box. Miss Consedine snorted: "You want me to put something in?" she snapped.

"Naturally," agreed Betty breezily.

The Mistress of Oak Hill took the book and stared at it gloomily. "Hum—I have no money with me but I will take it to the house. Come along."

Considerably relieved, Betty obeyed. At the hall door Miss Consedine raised a thin beringed finger: "Wait!" she ordered.

She walked slowly into the house and for about five minutes Betty waited. At last the lady reappeared, handed the box to the girl, and said in her most acid voice: "Now go."

Betty felt inclined to resent the tone and the world, but once more she checked the angry retort, offering up her mortification on the altar of charity, she bowed aimably, and thanking Miss Consedine very pleasantly, she proceeded on her way into the city. It is needless to say she was consumed with curiosity. How much had the crazy miser put in?—the book felt very light.

On the following Monday when the manager of the Bank opened the collecting boxes, he

found in one five sovereigns, the date was mid-Victorian, and the gold was dingy and tarnished.

* * * * *

It was New Year's Day. Emily Consedine sat in the spacious drawing-room of Oak Hill as she had sat nearly two months previously, but somehow both she and the room were changed. For one thing, a bright fire blazed in the grate, the carpet, curtains, and furniture were spotless, and there were little feminine touches—books and magazines thrown on a table, a few flowers and a quantity of foliage in the beautiful old Dresden vases. Emily also looked brighter and more feminine, her grey hair was coiled into becoming rolls, she wore a grey tweed skirt, a grey silk blouse and delicate, creamy old lace softened the sharp contours of throat and wrists. Fastening the lace at her neck was a brooch made of a bright silver florin, a pendant from it was a six pence with a hole in it.

She stared into the heart of the scarlet fire and as she stared she saw visions and dreamed dreams, and the principal figures in her dreams and visions were two boys of about six years, one clad in velvet and lace, the other in grey homespun. Both had laughing big eyes, eyes remarkably blue and bright. Their golden-brown hair clustered over the soft candid brows, though the one in the velvet and lace wore his silky locks in long curls, and the lad in homespun had his cropped close to his shapely head. Emily sighed heavily:

"They are so like—so like—" she whispered dreamily. "That little chap, Barney Denny, is the living image of what my darling—my own murdered love was at his age. How well I remember when Frank and I were children together, when he was a handsome boy of six and wore his little Lord Fauntleroy suit, and I was a baby girl of four. I loved him then, then—and now—and always. O Frank, my darling! my lost love!"

She buried her face in her hands, and slowly, very slowly, and painfully tears welled up into her eyes and rolled down her withered cheeks. She had not wept for nearly thirty years and the tears she now shed came like healing water, washing all trace of bitterness and of despair from her soul, giving her back not joy and gladness, but peace—the peace that passeth all understanding.

And as she wept a little figure in grey homespun stole into the room, a little figure carrying a big box of chocolates, and smiling a shy, disarming smile. When he saw the weeping woman he hesitated, but only for a second, then he ran forward, his arms went round her and he cried:

(Continued on page 412)

Winter Sports Thrill in Switzerland

MARIE WIDMER

WINTER in Switzerland! Visions of transcendent beauty, tonic air and opportunities for sports galore! While the lowlands are shivering in a misty grayness, the mountain regions, anywhere from 3000 to 6000 feet above sea level, are basking in perennial sunshine. A fairyland in white with snow and ice crisp and hard, sparkling like diamonds. A deep blue sky above and all the elements for physical well-being pulsating in the air.

Through the outward stillness of winter sounds the merry babbling of voices on toboggan and bobsleigh runs, ice rinks and skiing fields. Every sport has its own adherents and no matter how young or old a visitor may be, he is bound to discover some pastime particularly fascinating to him.

Tobogganing is still a favorite among snow sports, for in addition to the carefully constructed runs where, according to their gradient, the more or less experienced riders may disport themselves, there is an abundance of beautifully undulated slopes which are ideal ground for embryo tobogganers.

The highest velocity which man can gain without mechanical locomotion is certainly attained in ice tobogganing and the Cresta Run at St. Moritz holds the distinction of affording the fastest ice tobogganing in the world. It be-

gins on the high ground, almost immediately above the famous Leaning Tower of St. Moritz, not far from the center of the town, and ends in the vicinity of Celerina. It thus traverses the narrow valley which ascends from Celerina to St. Moritz and is crossed by the Rhaetian Railway, under which it actually passes in one place. The total length of the run is three quarters of a mile. It has a drop of 514 feet, and contains every variety of turn from the most gentle to the sharpest curve.

Bobsleighting, the social form of tobogganing, is extensively catered to throughout Switzerland. In the Jura; along the electric railway connecting Montreux with the Bernese Oberland; in the Bernese Oberland proper; in the numerous resorts tucked away in the Valais; in Central Switzerland and in the Grisons—everywhere one finds scientifically constructed and excellently maintained courses. One of the vital questions of the day for bobsleighters is that of the boblet accommodating two riders. The latter is a newcomer and has found steadily increasing favor. The big bobsleigh, however, generally occupied by a crew of as many as five, cannot easily be superseded, for after all it provides more thrills.

Skiing has become an almost obligatory sport in the Alps and its mastery brings rewards without end. Of course, when you first find

yourself riveted to these slender wooden boards, standing at the top of a harmless slope, you may have a sensation that a bottomless pit is about to swallow you up on your descent. But the snow is piled high and under the guidance of a capable tutor, of which there are many available, the number of your "spills" will promptly register a decrease and after a few days you will begin to enjoy the unrestricted freedom of movement which skis afford in the great outdoors.

Ski-jumping! A real thriller! In a contest



Ice Hockey at Gstaad on the Montreux-Oberland Railway, Switzerland

on the famous Bernina leap at Pontresina last season, Dagfinn Carlsen, a Norwegian, broke the world's record by soaring high into the air for a leap of 205 feet! To many who have never seen a ski-meet it may seem incredible that a body weighing from 120 to 150 pounds could hurtle through the air for such a distance, remain upright during the flight, land on the skis, and glide to a graceful finish without losing balance, but this is the art displayed by the champion jumpers.

Ski-kjöring, or in more comprehensible words, ski-running behind a harnessed horse, is another popular variation of ski-sport, either on roads or frozen lakes. Sometimes the horse has a rider, in which case the ski-kjörer, or man behind the horse, has no guiding to do, and sometimes two persons, instead of one, are drawn by the same horse.

Skating, this veteran of winter sports, has attained classic heights in the land of the Alps, and the most unpretentious resort boasts skating rinks which provide true enjoyment. Davos in the Grisons has the distinction of maintaining the largest skating rink in Europe, measuring more than 7½ acres! This mammoth surface is divided into three sections, so that amateur and professional skaters, hockey players, curlers, and gymkhana fans may pursue their own particular hobby without any outside interference.

Then there is ice hockey, a game which for speed and precision has no competitor in its class. Some of the finest teams in Europe meet now annually in Switzerland and their respective skill is a matter of keen speculation among the visitors who patronize these events in a number almost approaching the crowds one sees at a baseball game in this country.

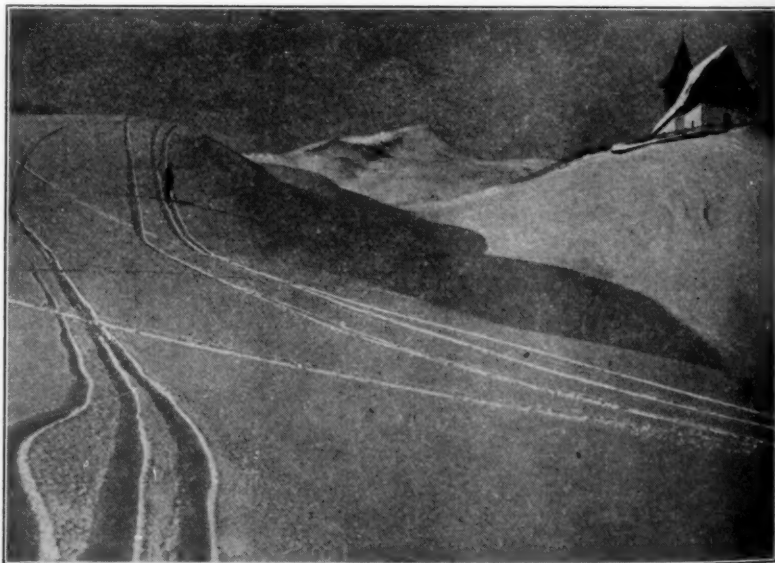
"Wherever there is ice—and Scots, there will be curling." Thus goes an old saying, but curling is no longer an exclusively Scottish game. Being a social, fascinating, and healthy sport, it has gained favor among representatives from all nationalities and curling matches are now regarded as an important feature of the annual program.

The spirit of play is dominant everywhere, and gymkhana stunts on rinks and runs are never failing mirth providers. "Balloon" races, "Stick and Bottle" races, "Egg and spoon" races, "Potato" races, etc., all requiring skilled skaters and swift action, furnish jolly entertainment at all times.

And how utterly delightful are "tailing" expeditions! A long row of toboggans is hitched tail-like to horse-drawn sleighs and the occasional rushes around corners and unexpected changes of gradient in the road cause such laughter that everybody in the neighborhood surmises that a tailing party is winding its way through the wintry world.

Winter in Switzerland! While mother earth slumbers under her thick blanket of snow, the glorious sunshine and invigorating air rejuvenate and transform humanity. Everywhere there is beauty and light and the joyousness of it all is reflected in every face. Brilliantly hued costumes of intriguing styles contribute in addition to this atmosphere of perfect well-being and happiness.

Later in the day, when the shadows of eventide begin to envelop the glistening mountains, the hour has come for jolly social gatherings, dinners, musicals and other entertainments in the brilliantly illuminated hotels. These affairs do not exclude, however, occasional frolics and masquerades on the rinks at night, when a silver moon shines bright, and when clever electric lighting arrangements change these glassy surfaces into ballrooms suggestive of fairyland.



Near Arosa, Canton of the Grisons, Switzerland

The Communion Rail Ends the Quest for the Grail

BURTON CONFREY

AFTER the Last Supper, Joseph of Arimathea, entering, took the Holy Cup—the Grail—out of which Christ drank—and brought it to his home. In it the next day he caught the Precious Blood at the Crucifixion; its history after that interweaves fact, legend, and tradition. Some writers thought the Grail a marvelous jewel; others a bowl which would supply the finder with all manner of food. In his discussion, "The Precious Blood at Bruges in Flanders," the Abbé Louis Vanhaecke posits the claim of that city to the possession of the Precious Blood since 1148. A succession of miracles and the approval of the Church substantiate the claim.

In this paper we are not, however, to deal with a history of this Sacred Vessel; we shall, instead, present evidence of young men's interest in the search for the Ideal today. Their quest is a continuation of the search for the Grail, which has formed a popular theme in Arthurian romance since the twelfth century.

Many writers have since tried to tell the story of the quest, of the soul's yearning; but supreme among those in which the search is triumphantly rewarded is Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." In Newman's "Apologia," Michael Williams' "High Romance," Ronald Knox's "Spiritual Aeneid," and like accounts of conversion to the Catholic faith, the craving is also actually satisfied.

Tennyson's "The Holy Grail" is the best known treatment of the Arthurian material; and although such a quotation as

"If a man

Could touch or see it, he was healed at once,

By faith, of all his ills. . . .

. . . . Brother, fast thou too and pray,

And tell thy brother knights to fast and pray,

That so perchance the vision may be seen

By thee and those, and all the world be healed,"

would suggest his understanding of such a pursuit from our point of view, in reality he lacked the Catholic sense. We shall, therefore, take Tennyson's treatment of the material in his "Idylls of the King," and amplify it with voluntary papers of students in engineering at a Catholic University. That will necessitate a discussion of why each person making the search for spiritual perfection failed or suc-

ceeded. The first paper I offer furnished the point of departure for this article:

. . . . Today many young men have false gods; and until age and maturity remove their fickleness, their poor human eyes never see the realization of eternity or they would know that the search for the Holy Grail leads but to the Communion Rail.

. . . . One point on which all, who have told the story of the Grail, agree is that the finder must be blameless in conduct and pure of heart—to us, in a state of grace.

The similarity between the properties and virtues of the Grail and the Holy Eucharist is striking. The Chalice for the consecration in the Mass is a jewel, precious beyond description, when containing the Body and Blood of Our Lord. The Bread of Angels can be obtained only through the grace of God in Holy Communion; Its quality is divinely pure; Its quantity unlimited.

The righting of wrongs which Lowell, Tennyson, and other writers found so easy for the knights of old become much less worthy deeds when compared with the task of the modern Catholic youth who finds his personal errors and remedies them. Faith in the beliefs and teachings of the Catholic Church and the doing of penance for our sins are the sure means of achieving success, the Beatific Vision. We may all find Heaven and everlasting peace if we seek the Holy Grail at the Communion Rail.

In the Grail story as presented in the "Idylls," five achieved sight of their goal; but the difference between these visions is remarkable. Percivale saw it afar off and retired to a monastery for further seeking. He failed first because of overconfidence in self; no need to discuss that condition or to suggest the sorrows and difficulties of some of those who must learn to place trust only in God.

I HAD EARS BUT COULD NOT HEAR

When I came to Notre Dame, I was forced to live in South Bend because

of the lack of room on the campus. After I had found a room, I thought of what had attracted me to the school. Since I was eager to become a daily communicant, although I was handicapped by being off-campus, I asked myself how often I was going to receive.

Time revealed that I didn't receive once while I lived in town; but I promised myself that when on the campus I would receive frequently.

When I moved to one of the halls on the campus, weeks passed before I realized it, and still I had not been to the sacraments. I began to think seriously about the matter and finally resolved to go the next day. That day passed, and a few other days slipped by, and still I had not been to Communion. I was surprised at the great effort required to command myself before I approached the Holy Table.

Ever since I have been afraid that I have no self-control. I am constantly on the watch to see that I do things I do not like to do at a time when I do not want to do them. And I must see that I do not stay away from the sacraments so long that this experience will ever again occur.

With a moodiness in another direction Sir Percivale, an egoist, becomes submerged in thought of his unworthiness; and, dwelling too intently on his sins, he forgets the quest as the chief goal in his life. There are many phases of this difficulty appearing in the lives of young college men. Naturally they are unstable (sometimes like Percivale abjectly humble without true humility), emotional, extremists. Father William Doyle, S. J., was talking to this type of person when he said to a lugubrious would-be saint, "Don't take yourself too seriously; a sense of humor is one of the greatest aids to sanctity." Another volatile person will, in one of his moods, amaze you by saying, "If I gave my thought to religion, I should never think of anything else." The next you hear of him he has not been receiving the sacraments. Again, we have a hold-over from the Jansenists, who, prescribing for himself, decides to give up nourishing his inner life.

"I will rest here,

I said; "I am not worthy of the quest.
But even while I drank the brook, and ate
The goodly apples, all these things at once
Fell into dust, and I was left alone
And thirsting in a land of sand and thorns.

And on I rode, and greater was my thirst.

MY REACTION TO "THE PRICE OF A SOUL"

A revulsion of feeling seized me as I read this sermon. It touched me, as no word ever written by man, has touched me before.

I witnessed in myself tonight the change from childhood into manhood. At last the turning point in my life is here. With this change came the firm desire and determination to devote my life to the service of God, of humanity, and of my parents.

I look back on the carefree moments of my childhood. I see its sins, its joys, and its sorrows. On the other hand, I see my father and mother watching with eagerness to see this change in their son. Will he grow up to be an honor to the Almighty and to themselves? Which way will he turn, and whence will he go?

Tonight, as I sit here in the sanctity of my room, I set forth, firm of purpose, to try in my humble way to honor God and those that are dear to me. I feel more able to meet the trials of the world, better fortified against sin. A new life is opened unto me.

Suddenly, as I read, the truth stands before me, freeing me from anger, hate, and sin, permitting true Catholic manhood its place of honor. Now it is done; and I am in the heights of ecstasy, for I breathe freely those great truths.

No one knows what the future holds for him, but I firmly believe that by being present and imbibing the essence of godliness to be found by him who seeks it at Notre Dame, no one need fear for himself in mortal life or in the eternal end.

There are moments of evil in all lives. False suggestions often enter our immature brains. The love of the Omnipotent only, keeps us from harm. There is not one of us that would deliberately deliver himself to perdition, debasing himself in the eyes of God.

A more successful parallel of Percivale's attempt to satisfy his thirst for holiness in the beauty of nature follows:

ALONE WITH GOD IN NATURE

The essential feature of a successful walk into the country is solitude. There nature should be enjoyed, not discussed. High thoughts should then

be abandoned and free reign given to enjoying the beauty set before us.

Human companions savor of another world: a world of thought, of action, of progress. Nature hides her actions beneath the indulgent rays of the moon. She changes so slowly that we are likely to forget her last state. In fact, I always like to view her as I find her and—love her at her best. Love is so blind that she does not wish to have her eyes opened to the defects which a more critical eye might observe. It is because I fear the unfeeling observations of another that I go to Nature alone and beg to see more of her beauties.

The more one gives himself to Nature with abandon, the more will Nature abandon her beauties to him. Who will give expression to things she has shown me? How shall I explain to a companion the beauty I feel and see and *absorb*? Who will understand the rapture I find in the spring-time when the song of the birds follows me here and there? Or, how shall I explain the bouquets which Nature offers to God as summer fades into winter? Where shall I find that second self who will understand my prejudice against stepping upon the proud leaves fallen to be the homes of thousands of little living things before another cycle comes around? No one is that close to me except God. He understands.

Lonesome rambles through forest and plain I make with God alone. Mercifully he shuts out all thought of foliage when the majesty of an arid waste lies before me and just as aptly gives the sweet song of the birds or the softly rasping noises of the grasshoppers and creeping, jumping, flying insects to fill out the weird octaves which swell in harmony to complete this one scene in nature's opera. Then the heart brim is too low to hold the echoes within the soul; the operations of the keener intellect cease while the entire soul stops to drink through contemplation all the beauties another has set for me. Who, then, can tell a companion what God has revealed to him alone?

Percivale says to the monk Ambrosius:

"And I was lifted up in heart....

..... and never yet
Had heaven appeared so blue, nor earth so green,

For all my blood danced in me, and I knew
That I should light upon the Holy Grail.

.....
Then every evil word I had spoken once,
And every evil thought I had thought of old,
And every evil deed I ever did
Awoke and cried, 'This quest is not for thee.'"

Sense gratification brings Percivale no delight, nor does domestic love, nor earthly glory, nor fame, although he considers each.

"But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail
Drove me from all vain glories, rivalries,
And earthly heats that spring and sparkle out
Among us in the jousts.....
.....and waste the spiritual strength
Within us, better offered up to heaven."

WHAT WORLDLY HONORS MEAN TO ME

I have a desire for worldly honors. I imagine myself in politics seeking power and gaining it; I yearn for speaking honors; I crave the ability to write like Keats or Francis Thompson; I build castles of a business career and of social prominence. I desire importance. I want a strong, noble character.—I wish to be a good Catholic.

What am I? I am a series of failures. I have a weakness of looking back at them and shuddering—hoping to escape their influence, their jinx, on me. I feel the littleness of my feeble existence. It makes me think what I was created for. It wakes within me the importance of my soul. Worldly power, fame, honor, will not count in the sight of God. The best I can do is prepare—to know my nothingness and live for God.

Living for God. The thought brings to my mind the peasants of the Middle Ages, toiling in the manor, in the old picturesque village, with a realization of their true end, living in coarseness and crudity, living in simplicity, in a vale of truthfulness. Picture the scene of the Angelus—the humble villains, their heads bowed in reverence and devotion, murmuring the salutation. Contrast with it the world of today—transformed with the fruits of invention, of development in commerce, in government, but pagan in their morals, their prayer a continual cry for wealth. Cold, relentless, cruel, the world throws off the mantle of virtue and coats herself with a film of

realism, of laxity of ideals, and with a denial of truth.

And I want power, fame, honor of the world? No, not I. Give me infirmity, adversity, but give me resignation to God's will and peace of mind. Dearest Lord, make me pure and chaste; help me to forget my own importance and to work for the good of others. Let me live in Your love. Let me suffer to appreciate Your sweetness, the health and life You have given me.

Through spiritual direction Percivale learns:

"O son, thou hast not true humility,
The highest virtue, mother of them all;

.....
Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself
As Galahad."

When riches, power, and earthly love were offered him in exchange for his quest, Percivale had wavered.

"But one night my vow
Burned within me, so that I rose and fled,
But wailed and wept, and hated mine own self,
And even the holy quest, and all but her;
Then after I was joined with Galahad
Cared not for her nor anything upon earth."

Familiarity with things divine draws the sensitive soul close to, if not into, the sanctuary. The author of this last paper has a vocation and is rapidly becoming a trained athlete in God's service.

MORE THINKING

I have been praying for a vocation to the priesthood. I reason this way:

Because of His love for me, Christ, the Son of God, became man, suffered, and died.

The vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience would deprive me of my possessions, wife, and children, and, in a way, of my free will.

But I am trying to lessen the debt to a Friend. God is only a little unkind in that He does not give me a chance to be generous. All that I have is but a part of what He deserves. It may be, however, that in the trying I give Him all He wants.

(To be continued)

The Son of Consolation

(Continued from page 406)

"Oh, my dear, my dear, don't cry, see, I have brought you chocolates and—" He could not finish for she had him on her knees and was kissing his soft rosy mouth. "Oh, Barney, Barney!" she sobbed, "little son of consolation.

You are my consolation too—you will help me, won't you, darling?"

"Help you?" he repeated amazed, gazing into her tear-stained face with a child's wonder.

"Yes, help me," she repeated, the lines of her stern mouth relaxed and broken into smiles.

"Yes, little Barney, you will help me. I will not ask your mother to give you to me, but I am confident she will *lend* you—lend you for a couple of hours every day, and we will go round together, and you will teach me how to help the poor and suffering as you helped me, for I *was* poor, very poor and wretched until you came to me. Barney darling, you came like a flash of summer and gave new life to my frozen heart. You have given me back my heart Barney, you have brought love and life to a miserable wretch. You have taught me that the world is not altogether horrible and wicked; that there are kind hearts and loving souls on earth, and if on earth, why, in heaven also—you are only a little child, and you are good, so good, and if you, a little human child, are kind and good—"

She stopped, bowed her head and prayed, the while Barney watched her open-eyed and open-mouthed.

After an appreciable space she looked up and smiled into his surprised eyes. "Come!" she said, and her voice sounded almost gay—"come, little son of consolation, and I will show you something I have for you—a Conemara pony, black and sleek and glossy and with big loving eyes and a soft mouth—and then you will show me the way—the way to make others happy, and if I cannot share in their joy, at least in helping to give it them, I will with God's help find rest and peace."

The White Dove

(From the Swedish)

FRANCES M. BERINGTON

There sitteth a dove so white and fair
All on the lily spray,
And she listeneth, when, to Our Savior dear,
The little children pray.

Lightly she spreads her silvery wings,
And to Heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in Heaven she bears
The prayers that the children have said.

And back she comes from Heaven's gate,
And brings—that dove so mild—
From the Father in Heaven, who hears her speak,
A blessing for every child.

Then, children, lift up a pious prayer,
It hears whatever you say,
That heavenly dove so white and fair
That sits on the lily spray.

Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—Heroism of the highest order recently brought death to Dr. Menard, who was a martyr to science. Since 1895 Dr. Menard devoted his life to research work and service for mankind in the field of X-rays. Unsparring even of his own body, he saw how his experiments led slowly to successive losses of finger, thumbs, eye, and finally, life itself. Up to a few days before his death, he was untiring in his experiments, writing, consultations, and treatment of others.

—Leading magazines are again bringing many articles by physicians showing the curse of overweight. Dr. Leonard Williams of *Health Culture* advises a person to find the proper weight as given in the various tables, and then to reduce twenty pounds below this. Statistics of life insurance companies show that those blessed with twenty pounds underweight have a general average of longer life.

—Great pity was aroused recently for the overworked newsboy and his unhealthy mode of life. Legislative or other means were to better his conditions in New York City. But what a surprise awaited the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association. Its investigation showed that the newsboys are unusually healthy. Exposure to all kinds of weather, instead of being the cause of disease, appears to be an aid to their health.

—The secret of the repeated swimming of the English Channel appears to be in proper use of the tides. The first swimmers attempted to go from England to France,—the latest successes went from France to England. An offset in the French coast, joined with proper winds, throws the current of the tide towards the English coast.

—The world's largest searchlight will enable a man forty miles away to read a newspaper. Projecting a beam of two billion candle power, it is to serve as anti-aircraft protection for New York City.

—A chemical snow, recently invented to put out fires, is procured from highly compressed carbon dioxide. It covers the burning surface with such a cool substance,—some 110 degrees below Fahrenheit zero,—that the flame is usually brought below the kindling temperature and extinguished. The carbon dioxide snow, in evaporating, covers the flame with its gas which will not support combustion. It is said to be very effective in carbon-bisulphide and gasoline flames.

—Why do we grow old? Biologists differ so much in their explanations that it is best to admit we know not why, even though certain of the fact. One biologist says that connective tissue increases so in quantity that it smothers other tissue. Sidgewick Minot believes that the central part of the cell, its nucleus, gradually ceases to take in nourishment. Metchnikoff says our white corpuscles in the blood revolt against our bodies, grow fat at the expense of other parts, and then them-

selves are punished by dying of hunger. Retterer claims that old age is due to the lack of proper secretions from the internal glands. But, willynilly, one must grow old.

—Radio receiving sets of the multiple tube type increase in number at a marvelous rate. Government statistics show a tenfold increase in recent years. The crystal and head sets are decreasing in number.

—The average reader has some idea of X-rays, but little knows that the X-rays result from minute particles of matter, called Cathode Rays, impinging on a special target within the X-ray tube. The X-rays can pass through the glass of the tube, but the Cathode rays cannot. Dr. W. D. Coolidge has lately invented an X-ray tube that will allow Cathode rays to pass through a nickel window in the tube. The Cathode rays cannot travel more than two or three feet from the tube, but the effects upon objects within their range opens up wonderful possibilities for the future. A crystal of calcite, a very pure form of marble, will shine with a red glow which continues for several hours *after the exposure* to the Cathode Rays. Will this offer a solution for the 'cold light' so long sought for by the scientist? The gas acetylene, when exposed to the rays, turns to a yellowish brown powder, unique because no chemical will dissolve it. Castor oil will turn into a solid. Crystals of potassium chloride turn from white to purple. But it is on living tissue that the rays have the most striking effects. Small insects are killed in a fraction of a second, whilst germs are killed instantly. The leaf of a rubber plant, exposed to the rays for a few seconds, exudes a white milky substance. The skin of a rabbit shows remarkable results. A portion of the ear, exposed for a tenth of a second, loses its hair, which does not return for seven days. A similar exposure for a second causes a bald spot for two weeks, to be succeeded by a more luxuriant growth of hair than before. But no cure for baldness is offered,—a still longer exposure causes a hole in the ear! The short range of the rays will prevent their development as a weapon of warfare, hence the 'death ray' of the sensational press is excluded. But a powerful weapon against disease is provided, whose possibilities even the inventor hesitates to predict.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—The speculator may create a corner on fresh eggs, but they still remain round.

—Many new garages are being built with houses attached.

—If we could change our boasting into boosting, things would be different.

—A loud-speaker with a ten-mile range has been invented. The inventor is still at large.

—Science pays. Bran used to cost twenty dollars a ton. Now as breakfast food it costs about one thousand dollars a ton.

—Fooling a man will often change a fool into a man.

—Garages with the rear wall on hinges might serve when wife learns to drive the car.

—Arguing with a fool often makes two fools.

—Bollweevil hurts cotton less than the silkworm does.

—The International Commission on Zoological Nomenclature has added thirty-four new names to the official list. The spelling of the new names is exactly as expected.

—Those who desire a Carlsbad mud bath might play football on a late autumn day.

—The more patient pedestrians, the fewer pedestrian patients.

—Money may make the world go round, but it is credit that runs many automobiles over bonded roads.

—Older people, seeking many causes for blaming the younger generation, very seldom mention heredity.

—Even with the week of five work days many a person would be too tired for church services on Sunday.

—A record grape crop is reported for 1926. Of course, this was used to make jelly and raisins.

—Certain musical notes are said to prevent sleep. Certain promissory notes also.

—We manage to keep down the red flag, but not the red tape.

—Africa is sending us a "shoebill stork." Many a fond papa will understand the relation between stork and shoebill.

—Some people claim that healthy babies should be a delicate pink. Most people state that such babies are robust yellows.

—Many an impediment in speech can now be blamed on the static.

—A diet expert advises us to measure our food carefully, by a yard stick, as it were. He was probably thinking of spaghetti.

—Those who claim that we always act like human beings might study a college cheer leader.

—Those who seek a conflict between science and religion might try religion first.

—A scientist has invented a method of restoring old mackintoshes. Now for an inventor to restore new umbrellas.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—Sister Martha Butti who has just completed seventy-five years in the Franciscan community at Taunton, England, has never traveled on a train and has seen no town but Taunton. Sister Martha, who has lived under six Popes, is in her ninety-third year and possesses all her faculties.

—At St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, Cardinal Mundelein confirmed 400 Negro converts who had been received into the Church within the past two years. More than 1,000 colored children, of whom half are Protestant or pagan, attend St. Elizabeth's parochial school. The high school of the same parish has nearly 100 pupils. The Fathers of the Divine Word are in charge of the parish.

—Three hundred delegates from all parts of Georgia attended the seventh annual convention of the Catholic Laymen's Association, which was held October 23 at Atlanta. This very active organization of zealous men distributed during the past year 160,000 pieces of literature, answered numerous inquiries of non-Catholics about Catholic teaching and practices, and gave hundreds of Catholic books to non-Catholics. Many are the activities of this Association for the enlightenment of non-Catholics. The Catholic Laymen's Association has accomplished wonders in breaking down prejudice and antipathy towards the Church.

—The student actors of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., were very successful in their presentation, in the original Greek, of the tragedy, "Hecuba," which they reproduced in the stadium at Philadelphia on September 15 and 16. The Sesquicentennial authorities have awarded them a special medal.

—Rev. Hugh J. Monaghan, pastor of St. Ambrose Church, Baltimore, since his ordination twenty-one years ago, has received more than 1000 converts into the Church. His latest class of non-Catholics under instruction numbered twenty-five.

—Invested with the religious habit three years ago, two young colored women recently made their profession as Magdalens in the convent of the Good Shepherd Sisters at Baltimore. This is said to be the first profession of colored women in the Order of the Magdalens, who wear the brown habit of Mt. Carmel.

—Fifteen school children were killed and many others were wounded when the school house at La Plata, Maryland, where they were at the time, was wrecked by a tornado on November 16. Two twelve-year-old boys, Jack Clark and Leveiger Martin, fast chums and altar boys, were found lying side by side with their hands clasped tight together.

Benedictine

—Mother Walburga Sarlinger, O. S. B., and Sister Benedicta Burns, O. S. B., who entered the community of the Benedictine Sisters at Covington, Kentucky, in 1860, celebrated their emerald jubilee on All Saints Day. In compliance with the desire of Mother Walburga the celebration consisted of a High Mass of thanksgiving. Sister Benedicta was one of the founders of the Benedictine community at Ferdinand, Indiana, which now numbers over 200 members.

—On the occasion of his silver abbatial jubilee at St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, on November 11, the Rt. Rev. Abbot Primate blessed the site where the new St. Benedict's Abbey will stand. The Rt. Rev. Jubilarian turned the first spade of ground.

—Dom Dominic de Grunne, O. S. B., who entered Maredsous Abbey, in Belgium, after the late war, died recently from the effects of an accidental fall. Dom de Grunne, who was born on February 19, 1850, was a general in the Belgian army during the World War. The death of his wife, a daughter of the noted French orator and statesman, de Montalembert, made it possible for the general to enter religion. On March 21,

1922, at the age of sixty-eight, the deceased consecrated himself to the service of God by the vows that made him a follower of St. Benedict. On May 20, 1923, in the presence of his children and grandchildren, Dom de Grunne was ordained to the priesthood by the late Cardinal Mercier.

—St. Benedict's Abbey, Mt. Angel, Oregon, which was destroyed by fire on September 21, will be rebuilt on the summit of the mount. This place the Indians of long ago are said to have called in their tongue Topolamahoh, that is, "place of communion." The buildings will have to be constructed entirely anew from the ground up.—According to the *Mount Angel Magazine*, which is printed by the Benedictine Fathers of the recently destroyed Abbey, "the total loss suffered in the disaster is estimated from \$800,000 to a million dollars. Insurance money amounted to \$144,000 less \$50,000 for a mortgage. The rebuilding Fund now (November 25) amounts to \$34,000, while \$30,000 had been previously collected for the Abbey Church Fund. This amount does not even begin to equal the cost estimated on tentative plans for a monastery, and the outer walls of an Abbey Church, which have been drawn up. These plans, which will include an infirmary, and guest rooms, but do not consider the separate college building, gymnasium, nor reestablishment of libraries, museum, and laboratories, entail a cost of \$350,000. From these facts can be seen the immensity of the task, and the necessity for immediate assistance from friends of higher education all over our land."

Eucharistic

—At the Third National Eucharistic Congress, held recently at Toledo, Spain, four cardinals and forty-three bishops—the whole hierarchy—were present. American loudspeakers enabled an assembly of 15,000 persons to hear every word that was spoken in the vast cathedral. The Solemn Mass was celebrated according to the Mozarabic Rite. An exposition of sacred vessels used in the cult of the Holy Eucharist, some of them dating from the sixth century, was one of the features of the Congress. In the grand procession four members of the Spanish Cabinet and 2,000 priests took part. The Blessed Sacrament was escorted by 800 students from the Military Academy—future officers of the Spanish army. At Benediction in the evening 60,000 persons held lighted tapers.

—A magnificent picture of the Sacred Heart, the gift of employees, was solemnly enthroned in the new post office of Bogota, the capital of Colombia, South America. At the solemn consecration of the office of the Controller of the Treasury to the Sacred Heart, Mass was celebrated and forty members of the staff received Holy Communion. The act of consecration was read by the Controller himself.

—According to report from Toulouse, France, the Blessed Sacrament, which was buried under a mountain of debris last April, when the tower of the church of Notre Dame de la Dalbasse collapsed, was recently recovered and found to be intact.

—On August 2, 1927, a three-day National Eucharistic Congress will open at Einsiedeln, Switzerland. The first day of the Congress will be especially for men and boys, the second for women and girls, the third for the clergy. During the Congress Switzerland will be officially dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

—In preparation for the feast of the Immaculate Conception a Eucharistic novena was held at the Redemptorist St. Alphonsus (Rock) Church, St. Louis. The sermons were centered on the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

—During the first forty-six days of the present school year there was a daily average of 1,136 communicants out of a student body of 2,600 at Notre Dame University. This University has an enviable reputation (not only for foot ball, but) especially for the advancement of the spiritual welfare of its students and for the promotion of frequent and daily Communion among them. All of our Catholic educational institutions would do well to follow the splendid example set in this regard by Notre Dame.

—An Eastern Liturgical Week for a better understanding of the problem of the Christian East was held in London during the latter part of October. On Saturday, October 30, a priest of the Russian Rite celebrated in Westminster Cathedral in the old Slavonic tongue a Solemn Mass according to the liturgy of St. John Chrysostom. Russian music was sung by the regular cathedral choir. According to the custom of this rite the officiating priest was screened from the congregation during a part of the Mass by the so-called iconostasis, a partition with doors, adorned with icons or sacred pictures or images.

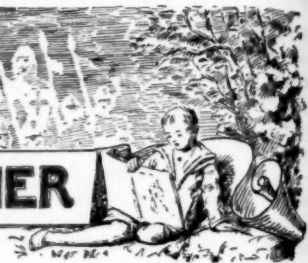
—A public celebration on the new feast of Christ King took place in the recently completed stadium of Creighton University at Omaha. Priests from each parish of the city, acolytes from all the churches, sisters of various convents, together with a numerous assembly of the laity gathered for the occasion. Rt. Rev. Francis J. Beckman, Bishop of Lincoln and Apostolic Administrator of Omaha, delivered an address. The act of consecration was recited and Benediction was given from the canopied altar. At Benediction a bugler sounded the salute to the Commander-in-Chief.

—In the cathedral at Beziers, France, the capital of the vineyard district, there is celebrated each year in November the "Feast of the New Wine." At six o'clock in the morning the Blessed Sacrament is exposed to thank God for having chosen the fruit of the vine and the wheat of the field for the Eucharistic Sacrifice. New wine is used at all the Masses of the day. All who raise grapes in that vicinity send a small flask of new wine to be blessed during the ten-o'clock Mass, which is sung by a choir of singers chosen from among those who cultivate the vine. The wine thus blessed is taken home and poured into all the vats of new wine. In this way the entire vintage partakes of the blessing. Besides the blessing of the wine, bread is also blessed and distributed among the congregation.



CHILDREN'S CORNER

AGNES BROWN HERING



MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—I wish you a happy New Year! I wish you not only one happy new year, but I wish you many happy new years for many years to come.

I am going to tell you a story about Little Gretchen. Perhaps you have read the story before. However, if you have, I think you will enjoy reading it again.

You know, that is if you have studied German, that the German word for "no" is "nein," pronounced "nine." Well, here goes the story.

As little Lizette was out walking one day, Attired with great splendor in festival array, She met Little Gretchen in sober-hued gown, With a basket of eggs, trudging off to the town.

"Good Morning! Good morning!" cried little Lizette, "You haven't been over to visit me yet. Come over and live with me always; pray do; For I have no sisters; how many have you?"

"Nein," answered wee Gretchen. Lizette cried, "Ah, me! I have to pretend I have sisters, you see. But try as I will, I can't make it seem true. And I have no brothers. How many have you?"

"Nein," answered wee Gretchen. "Nine!" echoed Lizette.

"Why you are the luckiest girl I have met! And have you a baby at home? Tell me now." "Nein," answered wee Gretchen, and made a droll bow.

Then lingered Lizette by the roadside that day, To watch the wee maiden go trudging away. "Nine brothers, nine sisters, nine babies to pet! Oh, I wish I was Gretchen!" sighed little Lizette.

The Epiphany of Our Lord, January 6

The word Epiphany means "manifestation" and it has passed into general acceptance throughout the universal church, from the fact that Jesus Christ manifested to the eyes of men His divine mission on this day. First of all, when a miraculous star revealed His birth to the kings of the East, who, in spite of the difficulties and dangers of a long and tedious journey through deserts and mountains almost impassable, hastened at once to Bethlehem to adore Him and to offer Him mystical presents, as the king of kings, to the God of Heaven and earth, and to a man withal, feeble and mortal. The second manifestation was when, going out from the waters of the Jordan, after having received baptism from the hands of St. John, the Holy Ghost descended on Him in the visible form of a dove, and a voice from heaven was heard saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The third manifestation was that of His divine power when at the marriage feast of Cana, He changed the water into wine, at the sight whereof His disciples believed in Him. The remembrance of these three great events, concurring to the same end, the church has wished to celebrate in one and the same festival.—Exchange.

Jesus, teach me how to pray,
Suffer not my thought to stray,
Send distractions far away,
Sweet, holy Child!

When I work or when I play,
Be Thou with me through the day,
Teach me what to do and say,
Sweet, holy Child.

When the hour of death is nigh,
Then may, Mary, standing by,
Take me in her arms to die,
Sweet, holy Child.

So through all eternity,
Will I bless their charity
Who first led my steps to Thee,
Sweet, holy Child.

—Selected.

The Months and Their Names

January, which is now the first month of the year, was among the Romans held sacred to Janus, from whom it derived its name; it was added to the calendar, along with February, by Numa in 713 B. C. It was not till the eighteenth century that January was universally adopted by European nations as the first month of the year, although the Romans considered it as such as far back as 251 B. C.

February is the name given to the second month, in which were celebrated the Februa, or feasts to the "manes" (spirits) of deceased persons, a pagan all souls' month.

March, the first month of the Roman year, and the third according to our present calendar, consists of 31 days. It was considered as the first month of the year in England until the change of style in 1752, and the legal year was reckoned from the 25th of March. Its last three days (old style), which were once popularly supposed to have been borrowed by March from April, are proverbially stormy.

To the fourth month of our year the Romans gave the name of April, derived from *aperire*, "to open," probably because it is the season when the buds begin to open. By the Anglo-Saxons it was called Easter-month.

The name of the fifth month, May, is said to be derived from Maia, the mother of Mercury, to whom the Romans on the first day offered sacrifices. It was the third month of the Roman year.

June, the sixth month of the year in our calendar, but the fourth among the Romans, consisted originally of 26 days, to which four were added by Romulus, one taken away by Numa, and the month again lengthened to 30 days by Julius Caesar.

The seventh month of the year in our calendar, and fifth in the Roman calendar, was originally called Quintilis, "the fifth." At first it contained 36 days, was reduced to 31, then to 30, but was restored to 31 days by Julius Caesar, in honor of whom it was named July.

August, the eighth month of the year, was so named

by the Emperor Augustus (B. C. 63—A. D. 14), who commanded that his name should be given to the month. August was the sixth month of the Roman year and was previously called Sextilis (sixth).

September (Latin "septem," seven) was the seventh month of the Roman calendar, but is the ninth according to our reckoning, though still retaining the name indicating seven or the Seventh, "barleymonth."

October (Latin "Octo," eight) was the eighth month of the so-called "year of Romulus," but became the tenth when, according to tradition, Numa changed the commencement of the year to January 1st, though it retained its original name.

November (Latin "novem," nine) was among the Romans the ninth of the year (the German Wind month) at the time when the year consisted of ten months, and then contained 30 days. It subsequently was made to contain only 29, but Julius Caesar gave it 31; and in the reign of Augustus the number was restored to 30, which number it has since retained.

December means the tenth month, and received that name from the Romans when the year began in March, and has retained its name since January and February were put at the beginning of the year.—Exchange.

The Heart of a Poem

S. M. T., O. S. B.

"Has a poem a heart?" asked a dear little girl, With a face as of wax, fringed with many a curl.
"Why, certainly, dear!" 'Twas her mother's sweet voice
And the child, quite content, went to play with her toys.

"Has a poem a heart?"—What made her ask that?
Mused the mother again as a-knitting she sat.
"Why herself is a poem, the sweetest I know,
With a heart of rare worth, and a soul white as snow."

A Stomach's Diary

10:00 a. m.—Oh, dear! Another warm day. Wonder if I'll be abused as I was yesterday. If I am, I'm going to strike. Just disposed of a half-chewed breakfast. We ran for the car, which meant I was so jiggled about and so tired that it took me twice as long to do my work. Hope she gives me an hour or two of complete rest before anything more comes my way.

10:30 a. m.—Two glasses of ice water have just arrived. It will take all the energy I can pump up in the next hour just to warm me up to normal again.

10:50 a. m.—Half-chewed breakfast did not satisfy her and she has bought some peanuts and started again.

12:00 m.—Peanuts have been drifting along steadily ever since. Think she has finished them too.

12:30 p. m.—Decided she wasn't very hungry, and instead of a good solid dinner sent me down a cold malted milk heavy with the chocolate. Could have managed it all right if it hadn't been so unnaturally cold, but that made it terribly difficult to deal with.

1:10 p. m.—More ice water.

1:40 p. m.—Was mistaken about the peanuts; she found another handful in the bottom of her vanity bag, and now I am getting them again.

2:05 p. m.—More ice water.

2:10 p. m.—She has been lifting some heavy books and as usual used my muscles, instead of her arm muscles. Tired me almost as much as a six-course dinner.

5:30 p. m.—We were invited by a drug store cowboy to have a soda before going home. Had a lemon phosphate and then had to run for a car.

7:00 p. m.—Fried 'taters, cucumbers, veal cutlets, catsup, cookies and canned blue berries. What do you know about that?

7:45 p. m.—We are strolling down to the corner with a guy in a sport shirt and white pants for a pineapple walnut nut sundae.

8:20 p. m.—Got home and found somebody had made some iced tea and cheese sandwiches. She drank two glasses. I tried hard to keep the cheese and the nut sundae separated but they mixed in spite of me. I go on a strike.

8:30 p. m.—I have sent back the sundae, the cheese, and the iced tea.

8:40 p. m.—Returned the blueberries.

8:45 p. m.—And the peanuts.

9:00 p. m.—The devil to pay—can't get the doctor.

9:17 p. m.—Doctor found at the movies. Mother thinks it's a weak stomach she inherited from her father. Knock-knee suggests it's the beastly weather—the big boob!

9:45 p. m.—Doctor says it is from a bilious temperament. Castor Oil—GOOD-NIGHT!—Selected.

Letter Box

(All communications for the LETTER BOX should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

The "Fidelity Button" has begun to attract attention. There are two winners this time. Let's hear from many more Cornerites. You can all write interesting letters. Nearly everyone has something to tell that will be of interest to other readers. Not only should you have interesting things to write about, but you should also observe certain general rules. Note the following that are given to guide you:

Write with pen and ink (or with typewriter) on one side only of paper.

Your handwriting should be legible.

Leave a margin of one inch at the left edge of the paper, and one-half inch at the right edge.

Sign name and grade at right of paper.

Letter must contain at least 300 words, or more if writer wishes.

Correct English must be used, and misspelled words must be avoided.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I read the "Grail" and I like it very much, especially the Children's Corner.

I attend St. Catherine's School and I am in the sixth grade. I am eleven years old. There are fifty children in my class.

I think Josephine Hafner's idea about the pins for the Cornerites is perfectly splendid.

If there is any girl of my own age who would like to write to me, I should be very glad for her to do so.

I will close now, sending my love to the other cornerites and hoping I may become one of them.

Ruth Gamble, 519 W. 160 St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Madame:

Here is a letter from earthquake-stricken San Francisco, as you easterners would be led to believe from misleading press reports.

Really, the much heralded quake did little or no damage, hurt no one, and failed to awaken thousands of sleepers.

Now, about San Francisco. The city of Saint Francis has to be seen to be appreciated. It is situated on hills, overlooking the broad Pacific, the beautiful Golden Gate, the bay of San Francisco, (the best harbor in the world), and hedged on the North and East by the Coast Range mountains.

The city itself, regardless of what other coast cities say, is the metropolis of the coast, being a city of some 750,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are Irish Catholics, or fair-minded Protestants.

Five colleges are within 45 miles of here. They are U. of California, Leland Stanford, St. Mary's of football fame, Santa Clara, and St. Ignatius, the last three being Catholic schools.

Well, here's to the success of the corner. Your new friend, Victor Wilson, age 16, San Francisco, Calif.

BUTTON WINNER

Dear Aunt Agnes:

As this is the second time I am writing to the Grail, I am going to try to make this letter more interesting than my first, which was not at all interesting.

On Saturday the 23rd one of my sisters and I went to the Ringley Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus, which was here for only two days. We had to wait fully an hour before we could get in, and when we finally did, my! what a muddy time we had. The mud was wet and sloppy, and oh! what a sweet time we had before we could reach the seats. I lost my shoe once and had to stop in all the crowd to look for it.

When we finally got seated, we found ourselves away up on the grand stand (as I call it) but I don't know just how we managed to get there. The performances began a few minutes later. The elephants came out and showed off their many tricks. The trapeze performers, of whom there are about twenty, came out at different intervals and performed their perilous tricks. Every minute I thought I would see one of them fall.

The horses were all too cute for anything. They danced the waltz and fox trot, and they also acted drunk, when the tune of "Show Me the Way to Go Home" was played. I enjoyed this as much as I did the best performance. The bears rode velocipedes, scooters and kiddie cars and did a few other tricks. The seals bounced and played ball. There were tight-rope walkers, but they did not walk, they danced the Charleston instead, and they surely did look funny from where I sat, for I could not see the ropes and it seemed as though they were dancing in the air, fully six feet above the ground.

Then there were the tableaux. These were beautiful to my estimation, for they were all in white, and consisted of girls, horses, and dogs. Each kept so perfectly still, that at times I thought they were unnatural. One of these tableaux, which I remember very distinctly, represented a fountain. There were about eight or ten nymphs sitting on a raised platform. In their hands there was a very large and low bowl. Standing gracefully in this bowl was another nymph. One of her arms was raised and she was supposedly pouring water on her head. This explanation may not seem very clear, but still it was all very wonderful.

The bareback rider was splendid. That reminds me that she was married to one of the circus clowns and the wedding was performed at the Jesuit's church here, about 10 A. M. Sunday morning. I believe the whole circus must have attended this wedding.

I hope that this letter will prove satisfactory enough for the Corner, and with love to all the Cornerites, and with many wishes for the success of the Grail, I remain, Your niece, Isabelle Cavani, 2120 Barracks St., New Orleans, La.

P. S. Next time I write, I'll try to tell you something of my visit to the battleship, (I forgot its name) which I intend to visit next Sunday.

BUTTON WINNER

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Through the medium of the Letter Box I have already made a "pen friend" in Indiana, Miss Mary Angela Weis. It is quite thrilling, I assure you, to receive a letter from a Grail reader in another part of our great country. I wish to take this opportunity for thanking you for assisting us in becoming acquainted.

In my first letter, I mentioned to you a trip into old Mexico which we enjoyed last year. It is my endeavor

to describe it now, although I cannot possibly do justice to that rich and beautiful country. It should be a matter of great concern to everyone of us to note the great injustice being done to our fellow Catholics across the border and the ruin it is bringing on that wonderful land.

It was one evening in June that we boarded a train southbound and two days later that we arrived at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. After spending a few days there, during which we descended into the canyon on horseback and also drove around the rim in an automobile, admiring the wonders of nature; we boarded the train again and, soon, we had crossed the border and entered Mexico. For three days we passed scenes which made us sit up and take notice. Village after village sped by, marked by the steeples and cross of a church, for every cluster of huts centers about a beautiful "iglesia," or church, and the tile roofs of little adobe cottages. Once in a while we caught sight of a "hacienda," or ranch, where men were at work in the fields of corn and other products.

When the train stopped at a station, it seemed that the entire population of the town was there, vending laces, baskets, pottery, fruits, confections, and trinkets. Having a conversational knowledge of Spanish, we were able to speak with the natives and to bargain with them when making purchases. The extreme poverty of the population of the outlying districts of Mexico is pitiable and their crude manner of living is very hard in comparison with our American life.

On our arrival in Mexico City, we visited the great Castle, built in the time of the Emperor Maximilian and his wife, Charlotte, the ill-fated rulers of Mexico. The museum was also very interesting, since it contains many relics of Aztec and Toltec civilization. At San Angel, a suburb of the City, we saw the catacombs. A pleasant day was spent on the Vega canal, one of the most beautiful spots in the world. The pyramids of Teotihuacan, as old as those of Egypt, were also interesting. The Sacro Monte at Amecameca, where pious pilgrims made the ascent on their knees while they recited the stations, is a monument to the faith of the people. The Cathedral of Guadalupe, a short distance from Mexico City, is the shrine of the patroness of Mexico.

After leaving the City of Mexico, we went to Guadalajara, the second city of Mexico. It impressed us as being more beautiful than the Capital, although it is built on a smaller scale. An automobile trip was the medium of reaching Lake Chapala, which is about seventy miles long and three or four miles wide. After a boat ride on the Lake we returned to Guadalajara and boarded the train, homeward bound.

I forgot to mention a very interesting and exciting excursion to the Caves of Cacahuamilpa. They are second in importance only to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Although only eighteen chambers are illuminated, there are many more still to be explored. The formations in the caves are marvellous. They form a great underground city of stone. These caves are one of the great wonders of Mexico.

Although this letter has increased to a considerable size, you will understand that I have only touched upon the remarkable scenes which were seen within a period of about five weeks. The wonderful Cathedrals and Churches are evidence of the faith and love of the people. It is the feeling of faith and love that impresses one in Mexico.

With a wish that everyone of the Cornerites will someday have the opportunity to visit the wonderful country to the south of us and that she or he will give us her or his impressions of that land, I am, your "niece from California," Catherine Musante.

Grade: Third year; Age: 15 years. 1821 Jones St., San Francisco, Calif.

Exchange Smiles

"Smile a smile, and when you smile
Another smiles, and then another,
And soon there's miles and miles
And miles of smiles,
And all because you smile."

"That Jones boy who used to work for you wants to hire out to me. Is he steady?"

"Steady? If he was any steadier he'd be motionless."

"Your name?" asked the teacher, registering a new pupil.

"Arthur."

"And what's your first name?"

"Brown."

"Oh, haven't you got them wrong? I think Arthur must be your first name, and Brown your family name. Isn't that right?"

But the small pupil was not persuaded. A day or two later he announced:

"Teacher, mother says Brown is my first name. She says I got that name when I was born and she didn't name me Arthur till three months later!"

"Here, ma," said Harry as he hurried home from school a little ahead of time, "hang my jacket up behind the stove quick."

"Why, is it wet?"

"No, but teacher sent me home to tell you to warm my jacket for me."

"Well, I showed up the teacher before the whole class today," exclaimed Tommy jubilantly.

"How come?" inquired his chum.

"She asked me for Lincoln's Gettysburg address 'n' I told her he never lived there. Oh, you should have heard the class laugh then."

Little Jimmy in a flivver

Took a nose-dive in the river.

Now he's cold, but doesn't shiver—

O'er his tomb the lilies quiver.—Adapted.

Seven Dolors Indian Mission

"There have been several responses to THE GRAIL appeal," writes Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., from the Seven Dolors Indian Mission, at Fort Totten, North Dakota, under date of Nov. 28, 1926. This is a gratifying bit of information, but we aren't going to rest until others also have been moved to help Father Ambrose build the school that he must have if he is to retain the Sisters as teachers and bring up the Catholic Indian children in the Faith. In a previous issue we mentioned the fact that a Government ruling makes it impossible for religious to wear their habit (the religious garb) in the schools that are maintained by the Government. As Father Ambrose has no school for the Catholic children, the need is imperative. For this reason we have asked the readers of the "Corner" to help us gather funds that eventually a school may be erected.

WILLING HELPERS' MISSION BAND

We have suggested on several occasions that Our Boys and Girls take a hand in the matter by forming bands of "Willing Helpers"—ten to a band who contribute ten cents apiece for a year (or bands of twenty each at five cents apiece for a year)—that would make one dollar to the band. If all the Cornerites, big and little, were formed into bands of "Willing Helpers" what a powerful force they would make! How the

school fund would swell and grow! What a relief that would be to Father Ambrose to know that there are really some who are willing to help him bear his heavy burden.—It is early December as we write this, neither the Christ Child nor Santa Claus has come, but this number will not reach our readers until in January. We hope to have something definite to report next time. We will publish in the "Corner" each month a list of those who contribute to this most worthy cause. Who will be the first?—If you can make use of a mite box in which to save up your spare pennies and other loose change for the Seven Dolors Indian Mission School, drop a line to Father Benedict, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

EXPERIENCES ON THE MISSION

Our experiences at present, writes Father Ambrose, lack the thrill that characterized missionary experiences thirty-five or forty years ago. However, the modernized Indian is more of a problem than in the distant past. Now, in close touch with the white man's habits, he has greater temptations, and, for this reason, all the more needs the sustaining influences of holy Faith.

SIoux LOGIC

Last Sunday after Mass at Crow Hill, Joe, an Indian veteran of sixty winters, came to the sacristy where I was taking my lunch. I surmised what he wanted. He is a hard "hootcher" and had taken the pledge several times. After some hesitation he said: "Black Robe, I want to take the pledge." "Pledge, nothing!" I replied in a tone as chilly as the sandwich I was eating. "I have given you the pledge three times already. Why make a mockery of it?"

"Yes, you also gave several the *wohduze wakan* (holy holdings, i. e., sacraments) today. They always promise in holy talk (confession) not to sin again, but soon afterwards get drunk and commit many other sins. They come back to you and you repeatedly give them the sacraments. I am not asking for the sacraments, but just the pledge, and I will try to keep it." Joe took the pledge.

THE MISSIONARY'S SUNDAY

Today I had what might be considered a normal run of work. Arose at 5:00 a. m. At 6:00 gave Holy Communion for the children. At 7:30 returned to my sanctum to finish the Divine Office and prepare sermon. High Mass (at Fort Totten) at 9:30 with English sermon. Then I went to St. Michael's, by road ten miles distant. As two or three inches of snow had fallen during the night, I was delayed somewhat in reaching my destination. Going up the little hill at this mission, had some difficulty owing to the wheels slipping. Three or four of the young men came to the rescue. Commenced Mass at 11:30 with sermon in English and Sioux. Then followed a visit to St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Societies. Settled a few misunderstandings among the members. At 1:30 breakfasted on fresh pork, sauerkraut and potatoes, prepared a la mode by good Brother Giles. (In September Brother Giles passed his fiftieth year among the Indians.—Editor.)

Then came our catechist, Ignatius Court, with his neophyte of 82 years, whom the former is preparing for Holy Communion.

Returned home for rosary and benediction at 3:30. This was followed by a little respite during which I tuned in the radio set Brother Meinrad (of St. Meinrad Abbey) had so kindly assembled for me. Heard some fine talks, which for beauty of diction and dramatic expression made my humble efforts of the morning with my equally humble and patient listeners seem like a schoolboy's effort. Indeed, I must leave much—yes, all—to the grace of God.

From 7 to 8 p. m. I gave the children a visual and oral instruction on the commandments. Thanks to the generosity of a friend and the Catholic Daughters of America at Devils Lake (which is near Fort Totten) we are the happy possessors of a pictorial catechism outfit.

The children learn catechism quite readily and show great interest. I was once explaining the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, when a little full-blood Indian girl of 8 years propounded a rather academic question. "If the Blessed Virgin had died before Our Lord, whither would her soul have gone?" Perhaps some of the Cornerites would like to answer this question.

"Makba"—I am sleepy. Good night.

Faternally,

Ambrose, O. S. B.

From this letter you see that the life of an Indian missionary is not all poetry. Father Ambrose has described just an ordinary Sunday. Think of the extremely cold weather in winter, the long distances he frequently has to drive through the deep snows, blizzards and bitter cold weather on sick calls, then, besides, there is the great worry about fuel, and food, and clothing, and many other things. You remember that when Moses prayed with outstretched arms, God heard his prayer, but when his arms fell the army was no longer victorious. The people then supported his arms and the army was victorious again. The missionary is actively engaged on the battlefield, but if the faithful do not support his arms, give him the material help that he needs, he cannot be victorious.



LITTLE "GRAY HORN" CHILDREN WITH GREY NUN AT THE SEVEN DOLORS INDIAN MISSION

Seven Dolors Mission School Destroyed

A telegram, dated Dec. 20, 1926, came from Father Ambrose saying that the Sisters' school and church had burned to the ground, but that no one was hurt. This is a severe loss to the mission. We trust that the readers of THE GRAIL will be generous in their gifts to this needy mission. God grant that the means may soon be forthcoming to erect a fireproof building for the mission school at Fort Totten.

One Sewing Machine to 105 Pupils

From the Indian mission school of the Immaculate Conception, at Stephan, South Dakota, which is under the care of Fathers Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Pius Boehm, O. S. B., comes the following letter from a pupil of the mission school:

Stephan, So. Dak., Nov. 24, 1926.

Dear Father Benedict,

I am an Indian girl at the Immaculate Conception School, and I am in the sewing room this month.

We have only one sewing machine and hundred and five children to sew for. Sister and the girls are kept so busy because we have only one sewing machine and that is about broken. And it is so hard for us to sew.

I thought maybe some of the readers of THE GRAIL would send us some machines. We would pray hard for those who send them and we will be so thankful to those who help us, for we do need about four or six machines.

I hope some kind benefactor will see this letter and send us the machines.

Your Friend,
Cecelia Sargeant.

The Sinner's Return

BERTRAND F. KRAUS, O. S. B.

Base sins with their darkness my soul e'er deprive
Of its light, grace, and beauty, yet nothing they give—
Aye, they steal all my gladness and peace.
But the STAR of God's grace, with radiance alive,
My gloom does dispel and my spirits revive,
And causes my heartburn to cease.

Untangling my paths, I began to PURSUE
The LIGHT that so kindly flashed into view,
Lit up by the God made Man.
O'er thorns and thistles that thickly grew,
Where naught but roses before I knew,
Cheered by the vision, I ran.

To the CHILD whom my sins so deeply did grieve
The GOLD of my love I joyously give,—
The gold of my love unalloyed.
The weight of my guilt He did wondrous relieve.
"Take the pathway of peace; that of sin do thou
leave,"
Were the words that my spirits upbuoyed.

The INCENSE of prayer in grey clouds high ascend,
And the sweet-burdened fumes their mild fragrance
now lend
To give words to my joy and regret.
Resolved my unhallowed past to amend
The MYRRH of my sorrow I offer my Friend.
'Tis but meet that I pay Him this debt.

Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

1. BORN FOR EMMANUEL

Why hover angels round the cot
Where mother soothed her babe to sleep?
Wherefore do they glad vigil keep
As were the room a holy spot?

Why do they sing a sacred lay
Of how the Christ Child from on high
Came to the earth to live and die
And be our perfect Food and stay?—

"Our song was *Gloria!* of old;
And meet it is we should repeat
Those words, this new-born child to greet,
For he will Jesu's might unfold.

"He will the altar's treasures spend
And share the Hosts to frail mankind;
And teach our love to children's mind....
So lovingly the babe we tend."—

Then as their voices died away
The curtains quivered—a wee hand
Came waving out: each of the Band
Swift kissed it, for the sacring day.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

Crusaders and New Years

ON New Year's day it is proper for men to look back over the year just past with a feeling of regret for their misdeeds and neglected opportunities and with a sense of gratitude for the favors which they have received. It is also fitting, on the opening day of the new year, for men to cast a hopeful glance on the future with good resolutions in the will and with a prayer in the heart for God's blessing upon their undertakings. In making such timely reflections it is necessary to break up the complexity of life and to view our past and future selves in different phases of activity—as business men, as citizens of the State, as members of the Church, etc. In this short paper we address ourselves to "Catholic Student Mission Crusaders" whom we shall try to help in their New Year's reflections by pointing out a few blessings of the past year for which they should be grateful to God.

As Catholics it is impossible for us to estimate the vast oceans of grace which God pours forth upon His Church in the course of a year. We can only mark a few of the external signs of divine favor. Among these stands out preeminently the great Eucharistic Congress held in our very midst. As a fitting act of homage to the Prisoner of Love, as a telling act of faith in the Mystery of the Altar, as a consolation to fervent Catholics, as a warning to poor Catholics, and as an impressive sermon to our separated brethren, this mag-

nificent religious demonstration is unsurpassed in the history of the world. For this we should be grateful.

As Students we have every reason to thank God for the increasing interest shown by all our Catholic people in the cause of true education. The past year has seen solid progress in the accrediting of our colleges, epochal strides in the establishment of local Catholic high schools, encouraging growth of the higher education movement for Colored Catholics, continued strengthening of our teaching corps, and, what is perhaps the most consoling feature of our educational work, the clearer understanding of basic Catholic principles upon which our entire educational system is founded. Observant students of social trends, who look beneath the surface for the philosophy of things that are, saw our years of labor in the field of education threatened by plausible-sounding theories proposed by able but mistaken leaders. The fight that has ensued has brought about a clearer understanding of the character of sound education and a more general acceptance of the mind and law of the Church on this matter. For all of this we are grateful.

As Mission Crusaders we have witnessed the steady growth of the world-wide missions of the Church. We have been especially gratified by the advance of mission knowledge, zeal, and service in our own country, which is fast becoming the backbone of universal Catholic missions. As to our own Mission Crusade, it has held another general convention, which has proved a powerful stimulus to our holy enthusiasm and which has done much to promote a spirit of solidarity in Crusade ranks. The Convention opened with a rather murky sky, fringed by threatening clouds on the distant horizon; it closed three days later under the smiling sun of mutual understanding and a feeling of unity in the common cause. We feel that it was a crucial period in the life of the Crusade movement, but the crisis has been safely passed and the future gives promise of naught but fruitful accomplishment. And again we lift up our hearts in gratitude to our Liege Lord.

These few points are not the sum total of favors which God has bestowed upon us during the year 1926; they are but suggestive of the countless graces for which Catholic Student Mission Crusaders should be grateful to God, and this list of blessings must be drawn up by each one for himself. Gratitude for past favors is the best assurance of divine aid and guidance in the future. We trust that the Crusade "*Te Deum*" will be so deeply felt and so joyfully chanted that our Heavenly King may be disposed to give us another year of continued successful labor for the spread of His Kingdom on earth.

Abbey and Seminary

—According to custom Father Prior officiated at the Solemn High Mass on All Saints of the Order of St. Benedict, November 13. After the offertory of the Mass Fr. Theodore Heck, O. S. B., surrounded by the solemnly professed members of the community, pro-

nounced his solemn vows before the Rt. Rev. Abbot, who was seated at the altar. The Mass was followed by Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction. As classes are suspended on this day, the majority of the students made their annual pilgrimage to Ferdinand.

—Because November 14 fell on Sunday, All Souls Day of the Order was transferred to Monday, when the Office of the Dead, a Solemn Requiem, and procession to the God's Acre of the community concluded the religious services for the forenoon.

—Mr. Arthur J. Beriault, who conducts a school of expression at Indianapolis, read in the College Music Hall on the afternoon of November 16 the play "Rip Van Winkle." The interpretation of the individual characters was very well done. In the evening Mr. Beriault gave an interesting and instructive lecture on the art of expression.

—After a pastorate of thirty-six years at Fulda, Father Joseph has retired to the Abbey to pass his remaining years among his brethren. Father Gregory, who for the past year has been assistant at St. Benedict's and chaplain to the Poor Clares, at Evansville, succeeds, at least pro tem, to the charge at Fulda.

—Thanksgiving Day was introduced by "The Bell in the Forest," an operetta in two acts, which was given on the evening previous. Both the operetta and the orchestra were greatly enjoyed.

—A Solemn High Mass, followed by Benediction, was celebrated as an expression of thanks on Thanksgiving Day. At "high noon" the seminarians of both departments munched turkey a la cock-a-doodle-do, cranberries, pumpkin pie, and other palatable dainties to orchestral accompaniment.

—The contract has been let for the new road, which will pass along before the west front of seminary and church due north across the hill down to State Highway No. 62, which it intersects on the first cross-street at the west end of the village. If the weather permits, the road will be completed by April 1. The surface will be river gravel on a modified Telford base.

—Father Abbot and Fathers Dominic, Andrew, and Chrysostom went to Louisville on November 29 to attend on the following day the consecration of a former alumnus of our College, now Rt. Rev. Theodore H. Revermann, D. D., D. C. L., the new Bishop of Superior.

—It was our pleasure to welcome into our midst on December 4 the Rt. Rev. Abbot Primate, Fidelis von Stotzingen, O. S. B., and the Rt. Rev. Valentine Kohlbeck, O. S. B., Abbot of St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Illinois, who accompanied him. A reception was tendered our esteemed guests on the following day. To the great delight of the student body Father Abbot Primate granted them a holiday on December 7. Rt. Rev. Abbot Valentine found it necessary to leave again on the 6th. Father Abbot Primate was celebrant of Pontifical High Mass on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Two days later he bade us an affectionate farewell and departed to continue his visits to the rest of his spiritual sons in the South and the East. We regret that he could not have tarried longer in our

midst. Since leaving St. Meinrad on his former visit early in July, he told us that he had traveled 17,000 miles on our continent. This number will have been swelled by a few thousand additional miles before he embarks at New York for Rome.—The visit of the Rt. Rev. Abbot Primate has been a source of great pleasure and consolation to the sons of St. Benedict on this side of the Atlantic. His fatherly solicitude and love have endeared him to us. He brought us encouraging reports concerning the growth, progress, and development of the Order in other parts of the world. China is clamoring for the black monks, a foundation is contemplated for India—many are the requests for the monks of St. Benedict. The Order of St. Benedict, which has a distinct work to perform in these days, needs many more vocations to carry on its mission successfully. Here at St. Meinrad we should have many more boys and young men with a Benedictine vocation. Future professors, pastors, and missionaries should be trained now. Besides vocations to the priesthood in the Order, we need also a considerable number of young men and middle-aged men of good character who would like to serve God as religious only and not as priests. These brothers are consecrated to God by the vows of religion. They serve Him by prayer and the performance of the domestic duties of the community so that the priests may be free to perform the works of the sacred ministry. We are praying the Lord of harvests to send an abundance of suitable laborers to this corner of His vineyard. "If today you hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

—Rev. Emil Scherer, of the class of '96, who was ordained for the diocese of Kansas City just before Christmas in 1895, a few months ahead of time, died at St. Margaret's Hospital, Kansas City, on November 23. Father Scherer had been pastor at Greeley, Kansas, since 1906. R. I. P.

—Rev. F. B. Lasance, who is so well and favorably known by his numerous popular prayer books, has in "Lift Up Your Hearts" just added another, the twenty-second, to his list of spiritual treasures. Of this latest book 673 pages are devoted to spiritual reading for each day of the year, while the remaining 200 pages make up a "prayer book for all ordinary needs." Father Lasance made his full course in theology at St. Meinrad Seminary (1880-1883). Although our distinguished alumnus has labored for many years under the stress of great physical infirmity, he has, nevertheless, developed great spiritual activity.

—Early in December a group of seminarians was called to St. Mary-of-the-Woods to receive orders. On the 5th, 6th, and 7th Mr. James Nichol, who is preparing for the diocese of Kansas City, received the tonsure and minor orders; Mr. Joseph Sullivan, for the diocese of Corpus Christi, received the two last minor orders—exorcist and acolyte—on the 6th. On the same day the following subdeacons of last May were promoted to the diaconate: Revs. Leo Debes, Wenceslaus Beran, Leo McNeill, and Anthony Mages, for the diocese of Wichita; Rev. Cornelius Hooiveld, for the diocese of Louisville.

Book Notices

In the Workshop of St. Joseph, by Rev. H. J. Heuser, D. D. De Luxe Edition. Illustrated from old engravings. Cloth. 8vo. Gold top. Boxed. Price, net, \$2.75. Benziger Brothers.

Stories about persons living at the time of the Saviour's sojourn upon earth have a special charm. The Middle Ages, the time of faith, abounds in legends. In our days we have several stories of characters that were close to the person of Christ. This story of St. Joseph is a welcome addition thereto. A. B.

Martha Jane at College. By Inez Specking. 12mo, cloth. Price, Net, \$1.25. Benziger Brothers.

A girl's story, very interesting. Martha's pranks are very amusing. A. B.

The Father of the Church in Tennessee Or the Life, Times, and Character of the Right Rev. Richard Pius Miles, O. P., the first bishop of Nashville. By the Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniell, O. P., S. T. M., Litt. D. Price, \$4.00. Dominican House of Studies, 487 Michigan Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C.

Our American Catholic history is very interesting. Hence any new work on this subject is welcome. The above work treats about the first native of United States to be born after the attainment of our independence who wore the miter. With great interest and benefit the reader follows the pioneers of Tennessee and Kentucky. It will instill in their successors new fervor and energy to follow in their footsteps. Our forebears were heroes. May this work produce good fruits. A. B.

Eucharistic Whisperings, Volume III, is the third in the series, which has been adapted from the Italian, by Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S. D. S. Like the two foregoing volumes, this book is an excellent companion for visits to the Blessed Sacrament, for Mass and for the Holy Hour, as well as for Communion devotions. Address the Salvatorian Fathers, Pub. Dept., St. Nazianz, Wis. Price, 50¢ to \$1.75.

A recent work that deserves the attention of the teachers of our Catholic grade schools, and merits adoption of them, is "America's Story, a History of the United States for the Lower Grades of the Catholic Schools." The authors are William H. J. Kennedy, Ph. D., and Sister Mary Joseph, O. S. D., Ph. D. (Published by Benziger Brothers. List price, \$1.08.) Whilst teaching "young America" the history of our country from the very beginning, inspiring them with a sense of patriotism, this history likewise calls the attention of the child to the generals and statesmen of the Faith, also to the noble efforts of the Spanish and French missionaries, topics that are scrupulously avoided and ignored by the ordinary run of secular writers of history.—The Teacher's Manual, which accompanies "America's Story," will be of great assistance in impressing the historical events upon the mind of the pupil. L. R.

"An Angel of Mercy" is the name of a new prayer book for nurses. (Published by John W. Winterich. 1865 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Price, \$1.00 to \$2.50.) The joint authors, Rev. F. Reuter and Rev. E. Ahern, who are both chaplains at Catholic hospitals, ought to be in position to give us a book that is both practical and serviceable. Within its 300 pages this prayer book contains suitable prayers, instructions, practical hints, and appropriate spiritual readings for nurses.—The same publisher also announces the publication of the "The Angel World," the latest and last book of the late lamented Rev. Simon A. Blackmore,

S. J., who died Sept. 5. "The Angel World," a book of 300 pages, is bound in cloth. The price is \$1.75.

We are in receipt of the October and November numbers of *Practical Stage Work*, an illustrated Catholic dramatic monthly for stage managers, amateur actors, and playgoers, which is published by the Catholic Dramatic Co. and the Catholic Dramatic Guild, at Brocton, Minn. If we may judge by the contents of these two numbers, we believe that the new monthly is all that its name signifies, for both by illustration and direction it endeavors to make stage work practical. The monthly can be recommended to all who are interested in parish dramatics and the elevation of the stage.

In several previous numbers we have taken occasion to refer to the forthcoming liturgical monthly, *Orate Fratres*, which is now a reality. The first number, which appeared about the middle of November, contains, besides the Foreword of the editors, ably written papers on "The Liturgy of the Season," by Cuthbert Goeb, O. S. B., "Gregory and Pius, Fathers of Liturgy," by Gerald Ellard, S. J., "Participation in the Mass," by Virgil Michel, O. S. B., "The Need of a Redeemer," by Leo F. Miller, "Advent in a Convent"—at the novitiate of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, O'Fallon, Mo. Then follows "The Editor's Corner," and "The Apostolate," for the discussion of practical projects of the liturgical life—to let practice speak for itself. We have no doubt that the editors, with their very efficient staff of associates, drawn as they are from the secular and regular clergy, religious and laity, from at home and abroad, will maintain a high standard of excellency in the new liturgical review. We bid *Orate Fratres* Godspeed. A check of \$2.00 to "The Liturgical Press," Collegeville, Minn., will bring you the *Orate Fratres* for a year. Help the good cause along that in time both clergy and laity may be permeated with a truly liturgical spirit.

"Lift up Your Hearts" is the latest spiritual treasure that Rev. F. X. Lasance has added to his gradually growing list of popular books, of which this is the twenty-second. Part One of this new volume, which numbers 673 pages, is devoted to "Scripture Maxims and Spiritual Reading for Every Day of the Year." The second part, consisting of some 200 pages, contains "Prayers and Devotions" for general use. "Lift up Your Hearts" is admirably adapted to the spiritual needs of the busy, workaday world. Its pages may be read with profit by all. Benziger Brothers are the publishers. Prices range from \$2.75 to \$5.00.

Candles' Beams. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. 12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.00. Postage 10¢. Benziger Brothers, publishers. — Father Finn's stories are always welcome. Here he presents six interesting stories that will naturally fill the reader with higher ideas of life. Would that many would read them. A. B.

Making the Eleven at St. Michael's. By John R. Uniak. 12 mo, cloth. Net, \$1.00. Postage 10¢. Benziger Brothers.

A new author writing for boys. This is wholesome reading for the young, especially students. It will help to build good characters. A. B.

Schooner Ahoy! Holy Cross Boys with the Cape Cod Fishing Fleet. By Irving T. McDonald. 12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.25. Postage, 10¢. Benziger Brothers.

Andy Carrol and his friends find great excitement and adventures after they leave college for their vacation. Starting with their "ruin," they land on fishing dories and are lost at sea. Boys will enjoy the book. A. B.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Hidden Gold

CHAPTER VII.

TOO MUCH PRECAUTION

IMMEDIATELY after Maud had kissed Cynthia, the latter hastened to the bathroom, where she thoroughly disinfected herself and changed clothes. She would have to keep away from the child for a few days at least, she told herself, for she was taking no chances. What a calamity it would be if Madame herself, the most necessary person in the establishment, should succumb to the dread disease! And if anyone feared and dreaded any kind of sickness, it was Madame; no one took greater precautions than she. She obliged Maud to remain up in her room for the next two weeks, except when she went out to walk in the sunshine as the doctor directed. Even her meals were brought up to her, and her linen was sent to the laundry, nor would Madame hear of having her laundress mix it in with her own clothing. Jasper laughed at her and teased her about it, but Cynthia told him he might laugh all he pleased.

The next few days were spent by Jasper in seeking some bookkeeping work he might take home, besides his usual morning work—that is, in the afternoons, he scanned the want ads, and answered them, whenever he was not out walking with Maud, or running errands for his wife, for the hospital bill had hit his resources quite hard, and he was paying this off weekly. But he wanted a little over for any little charity that might come to his notice, or for gifts for Maud and Cynthia. At last he found what he sought; a large drug store across the way from the clothing store where he worked mornings, had advertised for a man to take books home to work on, and Jasper was there early one morning, and, with his usual success, landed the job. After the hospital bill was paid, he meant to please Cynthia by giving her little amounts of money now and then, as she had suggested, so that she might feel that he was doing all in his power for her.

Meantime, Cynthia had not forgotten the large envelope whose secrets she had partly penetrated. One glance at the document she had had time to open, had told her all she wanted to know, and had there been time, she would probably have destroyed it. The fact that she had not done so, kept pricking at her constantly, from morning till night; she had no peace.

She could only conjecture what the rest of the papers were, but the dull ache at her heart told her that they boded her no good.

She began to grow more peevish and restive than ever, for the worm that gnawed at her heart ceaselessly gave her no rest. In vain she told herself that there was no hurry, that no one would know what the envelope contained for eight years, and in that time many things could happen. Jasper noticed her restlessness, but he was, if possible, kinder than ever, nor did he ever refer to the episode of the violated envelope.

The two weeks which Cynthia had set for Maud's further quarantine in her own home had elapsed, and the child now resumed school, which she did with the greatest joy. She was happy to return to her schoolmates and her dear teacher, who indeed, seemed to fascinate her by her sublime sweetness of character, and beautiful spiritual refinement. Jasper, too, was intensely happy, now that all was going smoothly again, and he worked with a will at his two jobs, and gave eminent satisfaction to his employers. Only Madame seemed not to be well. One evening she complained of headache and nausea, and Jasper prevailed upon her to go to bed at an early hour, where he carefully waited on and tended her, doing everything possible for her relief. She had still kept up her routine of daily careful disinfection, and nothing was farther from her mind than to be stricken with any sort of contagious disease.

But, as if in contradiction to one who through selfishness strove by might and main to escape the scourges of the God she so much feared, she grew worse and worse. High fever set in, and Jasper thought best to send for the doctor. "Scarlet fever," said the latter, pursing his lips, as if he hated to pronounce the dread verdict. Jasper drew a deep, painful breath and raised his eyes to the ceiling, while Madame gave a horrified little scream and then writhed in an agony of unwillingness.

"Oh no, doctor, please say it isn't that! Please say that it is only a little fever and sickness, but not that! Oh God, not that! No, no, no! I don't want to have anything like that! I don't see how it can be; I was never ill in my life. How can I possibly get anything so horrible?"

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Valens," said the doctor with cold dignity, "but I cannot say that you have something else when it isn't true."

"But I took every precaution possible, doctor; I left

nothing undone that could possibly prevent infection!"

"A-hum!" replied the medical man dryly. "Perhaps you took too many; you impressed your mind with it so, that you suggested it upon yourself. I am a great believer in the power of suggestion." Perhaps a queer thing for him to say, but he still remembered her actions when Maud was taken ill. Madame groaned at the thought.

"On the contrary," commented Jasper, "I never took any at all, and I was with Maud every day. It is strange, isn't it?" The doctor nodded.

"Confidence in God and absolute fearlessness will do more than disinfectants sometimes—though I don't wish to undervalue them either." Madame broke into tears and began sobbing violently and reproaching Jasper.

"It's all you; if you hadn't been so set on having Maud here, this would never have happened. But no, you had to have her, and now, see what you've done! I'll never be the same after this! I'll weaken down and—"

"Here, here, here, Mrs. Valens," interposed the doctor sternly. "You will have to stop exciting yourself, or you will run your fever up, and then we will have a deuce of a time. Now, what will you do? Remain here at home?"

"Will you have to placard the door?" asked Madame. "Absolutely."

"Then I can't stay here. Jasper, you'll have to lay off and run the business. Tell Annie, my head seamstress, to take charge of everything. She's been with me for years, and she understands the work. But what ever you do, don't tell them what I have, or they might be afraid to come to work, and that would ruin everything, with all these Fall orders on hand." Then she turned her head wearily and sighed. "I'm ready, doctor."

So Madame went to the hospital, and Jasper with his new anxiety at heart, left nothing undone which he thought might contribute to his wife's comfort. He was tenderness itself, and in the days when Cynthia was delirious with fever, and knew no one, he dwelt by her side, nor could anyone deter him from it. But he did not give up his morning work, nor the extra work which he took home, as Madame had suggested, for he knew expenses would be heavy, and the extra money would be needed. So he collaborated with Annie, the head woman, and between them, they managed to keep things going just as if Madame had not been absent.

After the crisis was over, and Cynthia began recovering, although still battling with the dread after-effects of the disease, Jasper began to pick up the threads of things again. He had long had it in his mind to write to the Insane Asylum where Maude's father was incarcerated, in order to learn if he were still alive, that he might send him some little token of kindness from time to time. For Jasper's was the heart which reveled in such deeds; they were as the breath and spice of life to him. So, one evening after Maud had gone to bed, he indited a letter to the insti-

tution authorities, and posted it next day with a feeling of kindly anticipation.

As usual, after having had his dinner, he visited the hospital, bringing with him some dainty, or flowers or reading matter for his wife. It was a bright, crisp November afternoon as he walked leisurely home, having spent an hour at Cynthia's bedside, and then been dismissed by her, with the admonition to spend the rest of the afternoon in the Salon, looking after the business. The air was so bracing that he decided to walk home instead of riding, feeling that the walk would do him good. As he came briskly up Fifteenth Avenue, he noticed two nuns coming toward him, and as they came closer, he recognized from their headdress that they were Sisters of St. Joseph. They were looking closely at all the houses on either side of the street, as if in quest of something. As he came abreast of them, he lifted his hat and bowed reverently, and was about to pass on, when, doubtless, inspired by something in his kindly face, one of the nuns began to speak.

"Pardon me, sir, but we are in search of a house to rent for our convent. We are planning to open an orphanage somewhere among the poor, and would like quite a large house—that is, one with at least ten rooms to it. Of course, we do not care to pay too large a rental, so we don't mind if it is a little old and run down. It can always be fixed up, you know. Do you know of any vacant house like that, sir?" Jasper stopped and pondered a moment, and was about to reply in the negative, when he suddenly thought of the old residence, Cynthia's property, which she had commissioned him to rent for her some time before. Of course! It would be just the thing.

"Why, just a moment, Sister. I do know of a house such as you speak of, only it is not in this neighborhood at all. It is an old residence, is located on Penn Street, and has twelve rooms, on a two-hundred-foot lot. If you think that location would suit you, I will take you down there and show you through. I have the agency for it." The nun's face lighted up with pleasure.

"Very good; we will go with you." Jasper hailed a passing bus, and handed the sisters in, over their protests that they could very well walk it. After a seven-minute ride they alighted again and proceeded toward the age-darkened house which stood on the corner opposite. It was once an imposing building with its pretentious veranda, cupolas, many pointed gables and elaborately carved stone work, but now looked dismal and forsaken, with here and there a window pane broken, paint peeling off all the woodwork, the yard overgrown with weeds, and fences decayed and falling down.

"It isn't very good looking just now," apologized Jasper, "as it hasn't been occupied for some months, but all that can be fixed up, you know."

"Oh, that matters very little," replied the nun who seemed to be the spokesman of the two, "provided the rooms are right, and we can adapt them to our needs. It is easy to make repairs after you have found the right place." So they entered the pretensions front

door with its fancy leaded, beveled glass panel and side lights and looked about. There was a large reception hall with a grand staircase winding upward and lighted at intervals by grimy stained glass windows. There was a large drawing room, and behind that, a great dining room, butler's pantry, and the kitchen. On the other side of the hall were the music room, with dim frescoes of musical instruments and pipe-playing gnomes and fauns, and the library with its forlorn-looking, empty bookshelves over all the walls. Sister Elsa Marie's eyes dilated more and more with delight as she viewed the rooms, tall and spacious, but dusty and grimy with disuse.

"This would be the chapel," she said, "this the community room, this the children's kindergarten or play room, and the library will be the reading room. We might be able to fill those shelves some day, who knows?" Then they went upstairs. "One of these walls could be knocked out, and these two rooms would make a splendid dormitory for the children—we haven't any as yet," she explained, laughingly, "but we hope to get them before long. That is, if you would care to mutilate the house like that."

Jasper bowed. "I think it could be arranged," he replied. Then they inspected the attic, which contained two finished rooms, besides a great open space for storage. By this time the two nuns were beaming with delight.

"We will inspect the cellar, now if you please, sir," said Sister Elsa Marie, "and then I will tell you what I think of the place." Accordingly, down to the cellar they went. "Oh, what a fine, high-ceilinged basement!" she exclaimed, as they walked about. "And not a bit dark. The windows are so large, we might put flooring down on part of it, and make a refectory down here. Don't you think so, Sister?" the other nun eagerly agreed. "Well, Mr.—"

"Valens," supplied Jasper.

"Mr. Valens, I think the place will suit us perfectly—that is, if the rental is not too high. What are you asking for it?"

"Well, the last people paid \$100 a month, but I'll make it \$75 for you. Will that be satisfactory?" The two nuns looked at each other with pleased eyes.

"That will indeed be satisfactory, sir. Mother Superior will be delighted when we tell her about it. Of course, we haven't all the furniture we need, but perhaps you could tell us of some place where we could get household articles at a low price—they need not be new." Jasper bowed again.

"Sister, you leave that to me. I'll have the place cleaned out for you, and then, when you're ready to move in, I'll scout up some furniture for you." Jasper was already planning to make a canvass of different neighborhoods, visiting people, and getting donations of old furniture which they wanted to be rid of. If necessary, he would be willing to pay small amounts for the articles, feeling that in that way, he could obtain them much cheaper than by buying from a dealer.

They departed, and Jasper locked up the building, feeling very happy at having helped the nuns to find a

suitable place for their orphanage, but with just a small twinge of uneasiness as to what Cynthia would say. However, he argued, she had given him full charge, not wishing to be bothered with details, and the only thing she would really be interested in, would be the regular payment of the rent. From there he went down to Palm Lane, where lived Mrs. Murphy, a good old Irish lady, who worked out for people and did sewing or any odd jobs she could get, to help support her children and invalid husband.

"Sure and it's Mr. Valens!" she cried, smilingly, rising out of a cloud of steam with her arms hanging full of soap suds from the wash tub over which she had been bent. "Milena, go dust down a chair for Mr. Valens; do come in and sit down, sir. Fine brikk weather we're havin', isn't it?"

"I can stay only a moment, Mrs. Murphy. I came about some work. I have just rented out our house on Penn Street, and the place is pretty dirty, so I wonder if you could come down, say tomorrow, and begin cleaning there. It will have to be gone over from cellar to attic, as no one has lived in it for some months. The Sisters of St. Joseph are going to start an orphanage there, so I would like to have everything as nice as possible."

Mrs. Murphy opened her eyes wide. "Well, to be sure! Of course, it's just like ye, Mr. Valens, to go helpin' the dear nuns like that. Sure and I'll be there bright and early tomorrow mornin' with me pail and rag and brush, and inside of a week, ye won't know the place! I'm glad ye told me who the renters are, for I must do extra fine work for the sisters—they're so swate and immaculate-like in everything. And it's wonderfully kind of ye to be comin' to me fer the job—I thank ye most kindly, and I'll do me dead best for the sisters, God bless 'em." She had to stop at last, quite out of breath with rubbing and talking at the same time, and a moment or two later, Jasper, having spoken a word to her sick husband, and coddled a child or two, turned to leave.

All the way home his head was buzzing with schemes for helping the nuns. Here at last was the idea he had nursed so long, showing dim glimmers of fruition. Sister Elsa Marie had hinted that if everything went well, they might later add a day nursery and kindergarten, with sodalities and social parties for older children, and, incidentally, catechism classes. His heart leaped home far ahead of him, for he was unable to keep it quiet, so exultant was he over this darling scheme to draw in every poor child of the downtown district, and give it a little joy and happiness, besides raising its soul up to higher things.

When he reached the Salon, it was nearly five o'clock, for the inspection of the old house and his visit to Mrs. Murphy had consumed some two hours, and he had a distinct feeling that Cynthia would not have approved, had she known. He was an honest soul and hated dissimulation, but the feeling was growing on him, that it would be safer not to disclose the identity of the renters of the old house to his wife—why, he scarcely knew, but the feeling was an instinctive one, and not

for worlds would he have disappointed the good nuns.

Maud came bounding down the street to meet him, for she had been on the watch since her return from school. Together they entered the Salon, and Annie immediately called him to make some important deliveries, for the boy had been dismissed, and Jasper had resumed his old position, to save expense. He took Maud with him, and the two rode in the cars side by side, munching candy and peanuts, and wholly engrossed in each other. Next day, when visiting his wife, Jasper brought up the subject of the house. He had saved it until last.

"Oh, I say, Cynthia, I've something to tell you. I've rented your house on Penn Street."

"Did you? Well, it surely took you long enough. Are they nice people? I hope they won't want any repairing done, because I simply can't spend a cent on the place. The taxes eat up all the profits. What rent will you get?"

"Why—\$75. They are the nicest people in the world, and that is why I made it cheaper for them."

"Seventy-five dollars! Why Jasper, you must be crazy! Seventy-five dollars for a twelve-room house!"

"Well, my dear, you said to lower the price at first—"

"Yes, but I didn't say to lower it twenty-five dollars! You might have made it ninety-six or ninety-seven-fifty—something like that, to make it sound less. But seventy-five! I might have known. You have no head for business at all! Of course, I suppose you don't care because it doesn't belong to you. If it were yours now, I haven't any doubt but you might have gotten a hundred and a quarter. People will pay most anything you ask, nowadays. But you are such a donkey!" Jasper, as usual, stood silent during this tirade, and kept his composure, as was his habit, by thinking of One Who stood silent and unresponsive under the taunts of high priests and servants, soldiers and women—petty little creatures, who, He prayed, "knew not what they did." And, as always, this silence and composure goaded Cynthia by being a reproach to her own conscience.

"That's right, stand there like a dummy! Anyone would think, to look at you, that you can't count two and two. Go on home! And see if you can keep the business from falling to pieces until I come back. Don't stand there; get out!" Jasper was different from others; he liked to do things that deliberately went "against the grain"—hard things, things that took more courage to do than the conquering of cities. He went over to the bed, knelt, and smiling, kissed Cynthia's lips.

"Good-bye, dear. I'm sorry, and I'll try to do better next time. Here's something to make you feel better. I had not meant to give it to you until next week, for your birthday, but you may as well have it now."

He opened a velvet box, containing a ruby ring and handed it to her.

(To be continued)

The Blessed Eucharist sends forth a supernatural fragrance which is perceived even by the ungodly.

Your Living Room

Can your living room be lived in, and does it seem balanced and arranged according to the best taste? The way a room is planned has much to do with its livableness and friendliness, and anything which does not add to the comfort, beauty, and restfulness of a room, should be dispensed with. Of course, in our modern, cut-up, space-conserving houses, one often wonders what the architect had in mind when planning it—whether it was to contain doll furniture, or real, honest-to-goodness pianos and davenports and beds. One sometimes sees living rooms which haven't large enough wall space on any side to accommodate a piano, and that instrument must be relegated to the dining room; or the only wall space available for it is just beside a fireplace.

This makes the room look one-sided, and of course, if the instrument cannot be placed anywhere else, it cannot be helped. However, many living rooms are built large and roomy, with several large wall spaces, and in this case, care must be taken to see that the large pieces balance each other. For instance, a piano or davenport on one end might balance a fireplace on the other, and the other pieces distributed according to the size of the wall spaces available.

A wide piece, such as a book case, console victrola, or radio cabinet, should not be placed in a narrow space, while a narrow playroll cabinet is placed in a wide wall space. With pictures it is the same. They are almost dispensed with today, but some people still prefer to have one or two good works of art on their walls, and the large picture should never be placed in a narrow space, while the small picture occupies the wide space. Nor should vases, busts, or lamps be placed on high cabinets where perhaps a stained glass window sill will form a background at a point just half the height of the vase. Ornaments should have an unbroken wall space behind them in order to be perfectly balanced.

St. Zita, Cook and Housekeeper

If to many of us sainthood seems difficult, and belongs only to the unearthly atmosphere of the cloister, we have only to look through a book of saints and pick out those whose holy lives were spent amid homely surroundings, and these are many. St. Zita was one of these. Born of poor peasant parents in Italy, she left her father's home at the tender age of twelve years to go to work as a servant in the city, at the home of a wealthy family by the name of Fatinelli. However, during these twelve years, her pious parents took care to implant a love of every virtue in the heart of their child, and, although illiterate, she was nevertheless well grounded in the science of Christ and her Faith.

Her first care, when going into service with her new employer, was to perform each task and duty with the greatest exactitude. There were many other servants in the same house, and these often not the most virtuous, yet, our saint, by her prudence and solid piety, dwelt among them without ever being tainted by their

looseness. She went to Mass at an early hour each morning, so as not to interfere with her duties, and it was there she drew strength and courage for the day's work, forbearance toward her fellow servants, toward their faults and unkindnesses, and the patience and sweetness with which she met every command of her employers.

Although absolutely obedient to every behest, she yet often came in for rebuke at the hands of Fatinelli, a rather fierce man, who instantly flared up into rude anger at the least provocation. Her fellow servants also often illtreated her; they tried to draw her into their evil habits, and when they could not succeed, they calumniated her, called her a hypocrite, and made life a constant cross for her. Yet, she spent forty-eight years of service in the house of Fatinelli without one single quarrel!

Her earnings were all devoted to the poor, and in later years, when she was placed at the head of the household, she might be seen carefully saving for her beloved poor everything that was left over in the kitchen. Order and neatness reigned throughout the house, and by and by her employers began fully to appreciate her worth. They saw how, by her skilful management, their resources were carefully conserved; they admired her behavior, simple and dignified, her distaste for news and idle reports, her perfect obedience in all matters.

However, her capricious master sometimes gave way to fits of anger. Once he saw her coming down the stairs with an apron full of old bread for the poor. Upon asking her what she had, she opened the apron, and behold, like another Elizabeth of Hungary, it was filled with flowers! He then allowed her to go on. Her life was marked with many other miracles, such as turning water to wine for a poor pilgrim, being accompanied by the Blessed Virgin on a pilgrimage, giving her master's cloak to a poor man and having it miraculously returned, etc. She died in her sixtieth year, and three hundred years later her body was found to be still incorrupt.

Fruit Sauces with Tantalizing Tangs

BETTY BARCLAY

COLD weather brings with it the hot dessert and also the cooked dessert that is served cold—both of which very often require a suitable sauce in order that they may be one hundred percent perfect.

In warm weather the housewife has little inclination to prepare desserts of this kind, but with the first touch of frost, the pie, the pudding and all the rest of those American desserts of the cold weather months begin to encroach upon the territory that was once held almost solely by the Bavarian cream, the gelatine, the whip and the fruit cup.

The dessert sauce may be made much more than an appetizing adjunct. If orange or lemon juice forms a part of it, you immediately have something that will tend to offset any acidity that may arise from the meats, fish, starches, and sugars that are always eaten

more heavily in winter time. Although many think of these fruits as acid fruits, their juices really have an alkaline reaction when taken into the stomach and thus serve to counteract acidity rather than to cause it.

It is well to remember this little fact when preparing hard or liquid sauces for winter desserts, and to include whenever possible, some of this healthful juice.

There are dozens of sauces that may be prepared from lemon, orange and other simple ingredients. Here are ten of them—any one of which is well worth trying when next you prepare dessert:

ORANGE SAUCE: 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 2 cups boiling water, 1/3 cup orange juice, grated rind 1 orange, 1 tablespoon butter, sprinkling salt. Mix sugar and cornstarch. Add water and cook until thick. Add orange juice and rind and butter with a light sprinkling of salt. Serve hot.

GOLDEN SAUCE: 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, grated rind 1/2 lemon, 2 tablespoons orange juice. Beat yolks of eggs until thick, beat in 2 tablespoons sugar, lemon juice and rind and orange juice and cook over hot water until thick and creamy. Beat whites of eggs until light; add remaining sugar; add to first mixture and cook 1 minute. Cool, stirring occasionally.

ORANGE SABAYAN SAUCE: Yolks of 2 eggs, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice and pulp, grated rind 1 orange, 1/3 cup hot water. Beat yolks until thick; add sugar, orange, and hot water. Cook over hot water until thickened. Serve hot.

LEMON SAUCE: 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons butter, sprinkling nutmeg, sprinkling salt. Mix cornstarch, sugar, and grated lemon rind; add water gradually, stirring constantly. Boil 5 minutes. Remove from fire. Add lemon juice, butter, nutmeg and salt. Serve hot.

LEMON HARD SAUCE: 1/4 cup butter, 1 1/2 cup powdered sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, grated rind 1/2 lemon. Cream butter. Add sugar while beating constantly; then add grated rind and lemon juice gradually.

ORANGE MARMALADE SAUCE: 3/4 cup orange marmalade, 1/4 cup lemon juice, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 cup water. Boil all ingredients together for 5 minutes. Serve cold.

CREAM PUDDING SAUCE: 1 egg, 3/4 cup powdered sugar, 1 cup cream, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Beat egg until light. Beat in powdered sugar. Add cream whipped until stiff and fruit juices. Serve ice cold.

ORANGE SYRUP SAUCE: 1 cup orange juice, 1/4 cup lemon juice, grated rind 1/2 lemon, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup sugar. Boil all ingredients together fifteen minutes. Skim and strain. Serve hot or cold.

ORANGE PUFF SAUCE: Whites of 2 eggs, few grains salt, 2/3 cup powdered sugar, 1 orange, 1/2 lemon. Beat whites of eggs with salt until very stiff. Add sugar slowly, beating constantly. Then add grated rind and juice of the orange and juice of the lemon.

LEMON WHIPPED CREAM SAUCE: 4 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream, grated rind 1 lemon. Combine lemon juice, sugar and grated rind. Let stand until thoroughly chilled, then add whipped cream.

O happy flowers! what would I give
In your sweet place all day to live,
And then to die, my service o'er,
Softly as you do at His door.—Faber.

Needlework Design

As aprons are always popular as gifts, and one can never have too many for oneself, we give above design for breakfast serving set, in which the young bride in particular will love to make herself charming while presiding over the breakfast table. And not only the bride, but older housewives will appreciate this set as a gift as well, while for a prenuptial shower, nothing could be more appropriate. Any fine white material is good, lawn, organdie, cambrie or dimity; the edging is Valenciennes lace, and the flowers and ribbon ties and rosettes may be of any favorite color. Blue organdie with pink ribbons and flowers is very French, or vice versa. Yellow or orange organdie, too, are dainty, and the girl who is making her trousseau might like to make three or four sets, each a different shade. Price for apron pattern, 20¢; coronet, 5¢ extra. Address CLARE HAMP-
TON, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Household Hints

A few drops of oil rubbed inside a glass vase will remove water marks.

If your rubbers are wearing at the extreme back of the heel, while the rest of the shoe is good, lift the fabric sole lining and put in a cold tire patch, and you will lengthen the life of the rubbers.

Rub tin lids and bake pans with lard when new and heat thoroughly in the oven to prevent rust. If blue steel bake pans begin to smoke when greased and placed in the oven, open oven door and keep fire turned on until smoking stops. Of course, if you have an oven vent connected with the flue, you need not open the door.

Vinegar and salt will clean brass. It will also clean waste pipes and remove paint from glass.

If you take cold easily or suffer from rheumatism, on no account wash down cellar or scrub walks outside without wearing rubbers. The extra precaution taken for your health will repay you by saving a lot of sickness. Wet feet are the starting point for many an illness.

How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly. (Unless your order specifies number of pattern and size desired, your order will receive no attention.)

Our pattern Book contains hundreds of styles—styles for morning, afternoon and evening, and nine picture dressmaking lessons. You just glance at the pictures and see how the styles are made. Nothing could be more simple. Any beginner can make an attractive dress with the help of these picture lessons. With this Book, you can save money on your own and your children's clothes. Address THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

No. 2923—A Clever Design. Cuts in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2366—Hemlines Table on Width. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2368—Smart Street Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2880—Evening Dress. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2881—Draped Model. Cuts in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2870—One-piece Model. Cuts in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material with 2 yards of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch ribbon.

No. 2924—Exceedingly Smart. Cuts in size 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2930—Exceedingly Smart. Cuts in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2932—Youthful Apron Design. The pattern may be obtained in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and 7 yards of binding.

No. 2935—Slenderizing Effect. Pattern Cuts in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2929—Dress of Plaid Woolen. Pattern cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of binding.

No. 2553—Cunning Suit for Small Chaps. The pattern cuts in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch white material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch lining.

No. 2326. Boys' Coat. Pattern cuts in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 years requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material.



